

DREMMER

1984

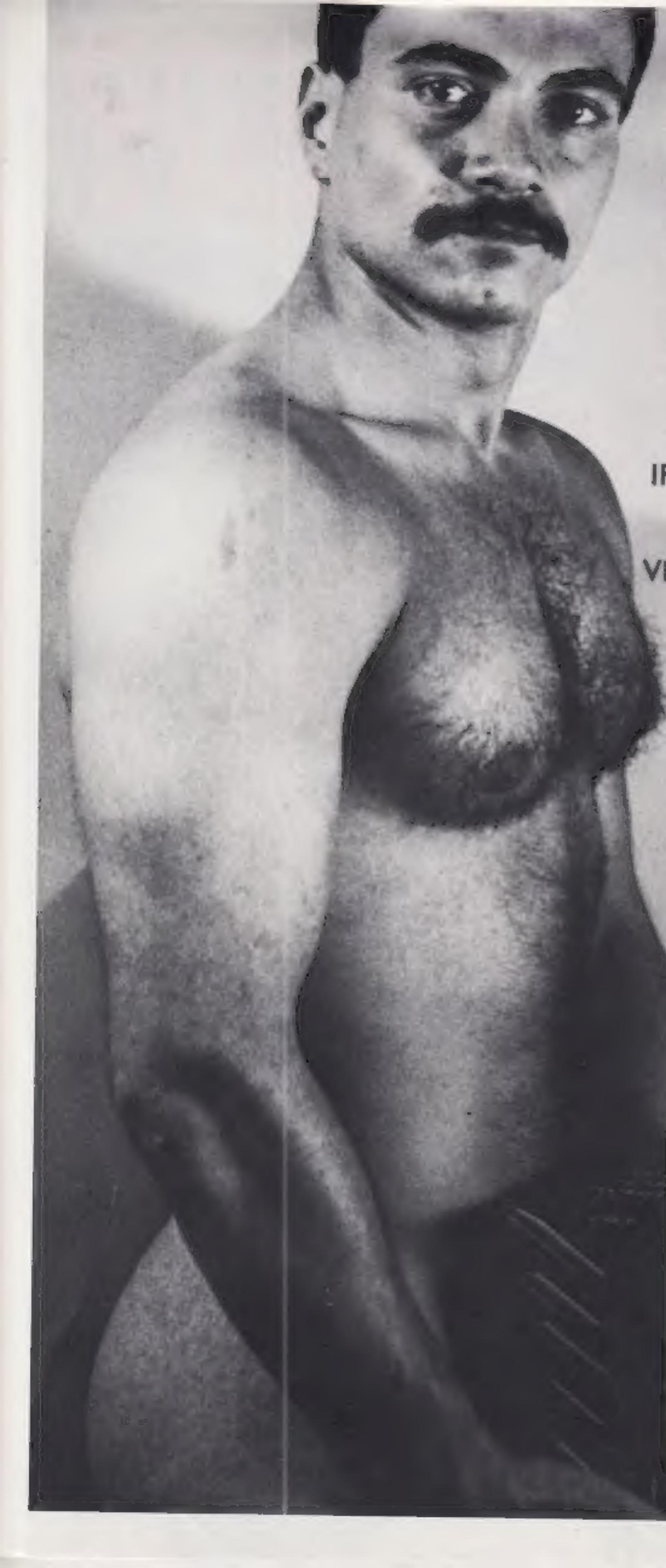
ISSUE 70

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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GETTING OFF

Here comes 1984, chronologically and politically. Many of George Orwell's predictions have already come true with the advent of computer technology and computer thinking. Everything you say and write will end up in a computer bank somewhere. The IRS demands that every dime that goes through your hands has to be accounted for to their satisfaction. There is very little recourse.

The right-wing administration has done its best to push back the civil rights gains of the last couple of decades. Our present Vice President is a former head of the CIA, which is now being given carte-blanche all over the world. The FBI is again being allowed to spy on domestic organizations and check into political opponents. Reagan has refused to let Congress or anyone else check out civil rights in the countries he is pumping millions into as he searches the world over for a neat little nuclear war. Wars are handy to whip up patriotic frenzy and insure that incumbents stay in office during elections.

The religious right is prying into our bedrooms and attempting to do what the Nazis did fifty years ago, using homosexuals and non-Christians as scapegoats for the ills of the country—real or imagined.

We have our work cut out for us. To make it harder, the opposition party hasn't a candidate yet who can hold a candle on the video screen to the Great Cue Card Reader whose election was financed by the military-industrial complex.

An appellate court in San Francisco has just told the U.S. Armed Forces that it was alright to discriminate against gays. We hope all our all gay and non-gay brothers will remember that when the Big Draft appears to fill Big Brother's armies in the war they are trying so hard to get us into, somewhere. Just tell 'em you're gay and if they stick to their guns, you'll never be in their army.

John H. Embry

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

BODY AND SOUL

Okay you guys—I can't take it any longer! Those "Sneak Preview" pictures in *Drummer* 67 and "Fucking Off and Goings On" in *Drummer* 68 are the most outrageous filth I've ever enjoyed. I can't stop beating off, cum's everywhere—some pages are even stuck together with it!

The "Fucking Off" pictures of Val Martin and his friend Chuck with the Kid are great pics of a man's man—sure beats the "pretty colored pics" other mags show. They remind me of men I was with at the Mineshaft last month when I was on vacation in New York. I got a good ass fucking and whipping from a real hunk of a man who knew what he was doing.

The "Interrogation" story and illustration by The Hun in #68 was just too much—caused me to have to take two jack-off breaks.

The Foreskin Update in #65 was great and the two cocks shown were even greater.

Thanks men, for a super mag! You've got me body and soul.

R. Betts
Dallas, TX

BUT A PICTURE IS WORTH...

First of all I want to let you know how much I enjoy *Drummer*. I read every copy I get my hands on from cover to cover and one day soon perhaps I'll get together enough funds to subscribe and join The Leather Fraternity.

There is one thing missing in *Drummer*, though, and I hope you'll agree with me that its addition to the magazine would be a real asset. What's missing is a kind of in-depth interview, something like the "Playboy Interview" was in its time. A case in point might be the stunner on the cover of *Drummer* 65. Who is he?

It is certainly not hard on the eyes to behold a gorgeous hunk in the pages of *Drummer*, but I'd like to know more about him. What does he think about leather and what does it mean to him? Is it just something to put out when he goes out, or does it have importance in other areas of his life? When and how did he recognize his attraction to the leather scene? And on and on in that vein to get a feeling across that this is really a human being whose picture is staring out from the page at us.

These kinds of questions must bubble up in the mind of just about every *Drummer* reader, and while we can fantasize the answers—and of course fantasy is a very important part of the leather scene—the reality is often better than fantasies.

You know, of course, how much the

photos and drawings in *Drummer* are important to the readers, but for me the articles, columns, and written material are of at least equal importance. I think other gay men, and particularly men in the leather scene, would agree.

P.H.
San Francisco, CA

SHORT BUT SWEET

Regarding the *Drummer* 67 fiction, congratulations on printin somethin worth readin.

C.H.
New York, NY

(Editor's note: We agree, it was a rich issue—and we'll pass your congrats along to Tom Herman for "Studwork," Robert Chesley for "My Little Friends," Tim Barrus for "Waves Like Evil Angels on a Cold Black Tide," and Mason Powell, whose blockbuster novel *The Brig*, sneak previewed in *Drummer* 67, will soon be in print.)

MEN IN NYLON

Partners, I am crazy about *Drummer*, but as a muscular and masculine in-the-closet man, I have a fetish for males in nylon thongs and bikinis, the raunchier and stiffer the better. There in the nylon you will find the true smell and taste of a man.

So how about some spreads of some hot hunks in nylon thongs that I can have fantasies of licking, smelling and tasting—and I would like to hear from others turned on to my thing. I enjoy exchanging my thongs and bikinis with other true men that are into men.

M.M.
Atlanta, GA

FORESKIN CONTROVERSY

The Foreskin Update relating the story of the man who went to Dr. Winer in Hollywood for a phalloplasty ("Foreskin Reconstruction" *Drummer* 69) may be misleading to some readers.

Logan says that he did not get what he wanted, which is not surprising because most surgery is oversold, anyway. He then goes on to recommend Dr. Greer to anyone else who is interested in foreskin reconstruction by surgery.

As one who has had Greer's surgery, I must disagree with Logan. There are serious problems with the scrotal implant reconstruction, and Logan simply does not know what they are.

I know a number of men who have had scrotal implant foreskins, and none of them got off scot-free. Everyone who has had this surgery has had complications.

I had perhaps the worst. After the second operation, I developed a hematoma of the penis and scrotum, a collec-

tion of blood clots under the skin, which after a week or two caused a lot of skin to slough off both my penis and scrotum. At one point, I wondered if I would recover with a whole penis. My scrotum was swollen to the size of a grapefruit and it had a raw, open cavity in it the size of half a baseball. My penis looked as if it had been hacked with an axe.

This was very painful, taking about sixty days to heal. It was impossible for me to work during that time.

Normally, a foreskin reconstructed from scrotal skin is too tight, because the skin of the scrotum has within it the dartos muscle, which is what makes the scrotum contract with the slightest chill. When this happens over the head of the penis, it produces phimosis, which is no fun at all.

With this type of reconstruction, the surgical scars are not buried under pubic hair. In my case, there is a very ugly surgical scar on the skin behind the head, made more prominent by the bumps left by the sutures and granulation caused by part of the incision line coming loose during healing. There was a stitch missing, which led to the incision coming apart at one point.

I had adhesions, with the new foreskin sticking to the shaft and to its inner layer, which made retraction impossible until I had worked them loose, which took many months.

The hematoma left me with massive scarring on the underside of the penis, which led to more tightness of the skin, and a peculiar appearance when the skin tightened from chilling, as when stepping out of the shower.

On top of this, I developed an infection, which, by comparison with the other problems, was mild.

After I had my hematoma, another of Greer's patients developed one. This led me to question the value of the procedure, and made me decide to abandon the attempt, as surgery was obviously too dangerous.

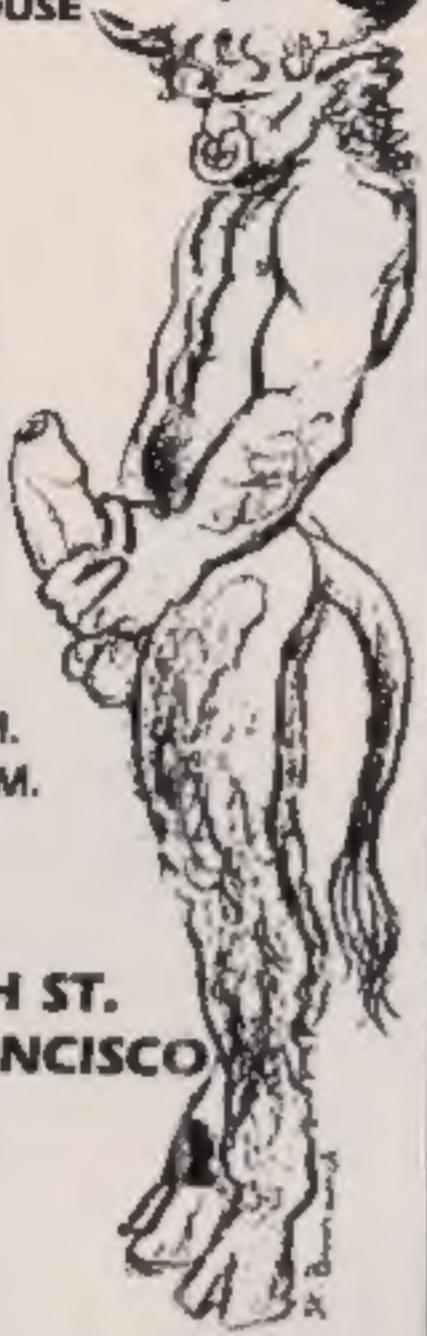
During the two years that followed, I did get the skin loosened up, by following a program of daily stretching. This did help to alleviate the tightness, but it did nothing about the scars, the "two-tone" appearance of my penis, or the hairs that keep growing on the transplanted scrotal tissue.

Logan writes about getting the skin to match with medical tattooing, but I don't know of anyone who has had this done. I suppose that electrolysis would take care of the growth of hair, but again, I have not heard of anyone having this done.

Another problem with this sort of surgery is that the nerve supply of the graft is cut. This seems to be permanent,

ANIMALS

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leaving me with a numb foreskin.

The net result is that I am even more dissatisfied with the results of my surgery than Logan is with his. Now, I am going through a program of stretching the shaft skin to get extra length so that I can have this graft taken off, and still wind up with the head covered. Because of the scarring, and consequent loss of skin, this is taking a long time.

Wisdom after the event is better than no wisdom at all, and I can say definitely that if I had known then what I know now, I would never have gone to Dr. Greer. The procedure is simply too cumbersome and risky.

As for satisfaction with the results, the very first of Dr. Greer's patients went back last year for some touch-up work, which casts doubt on the long-term results.

The whole thing cost me \$7500. This was two years ago, which by comparison with Logan's figures gives a good idea of the horrible inflation of the cost of surgery. For that money, I had two operations to Logan's one, and this figure includes travel and lodging. I have seen one of Greer's recent price lists, and know that his fees have doubled in the two years.

When the stretching method came along, I realized its value. So do many others. So far, BUFF (Brothers United for Future Foreskins) has had 109 inquiries. Of these, only one has decided to have surgery. The rest have used stretching, or decided that it wasn't worth all that trouble.

P.S.: Logan is also wrong in saying that Greer is the only one who does scrotal implants. Scroeder in Amsterdam, Holland, and Goodwin, of UCLA, also do them.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

YOU GOT IT!

Why don't you guys run more pictures of hot cops? I still get worked up over your "Law 'N Order" issue (Drummer 62) with the naked cop on the cover. That's been a while, and I'm in the mood for a man in blue!

Uniform Lover
New York, NY

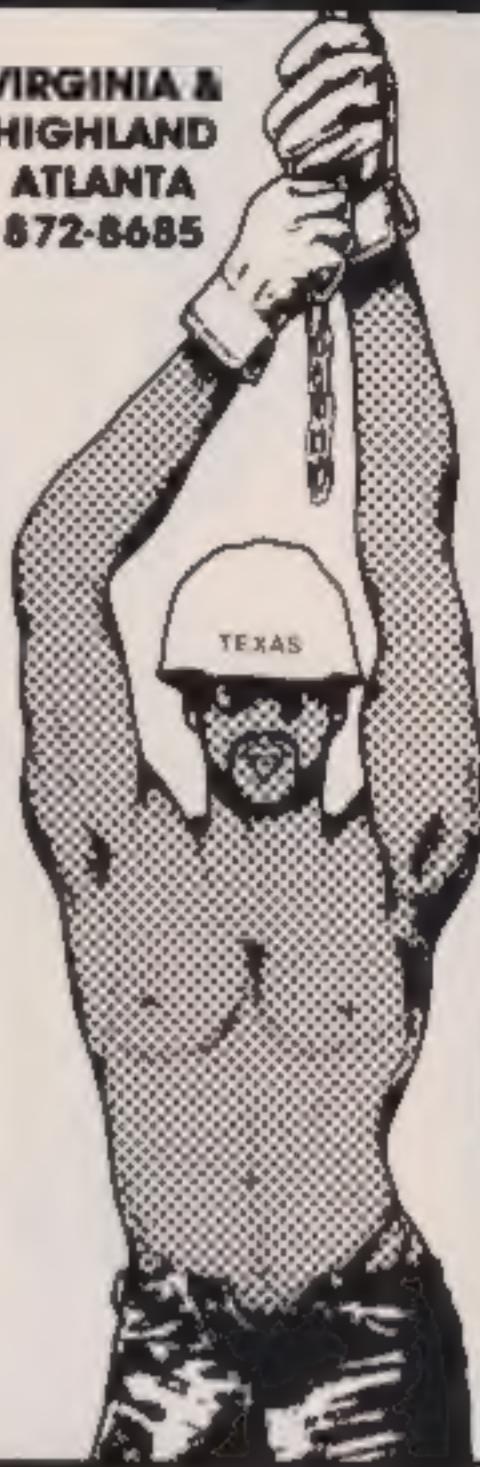
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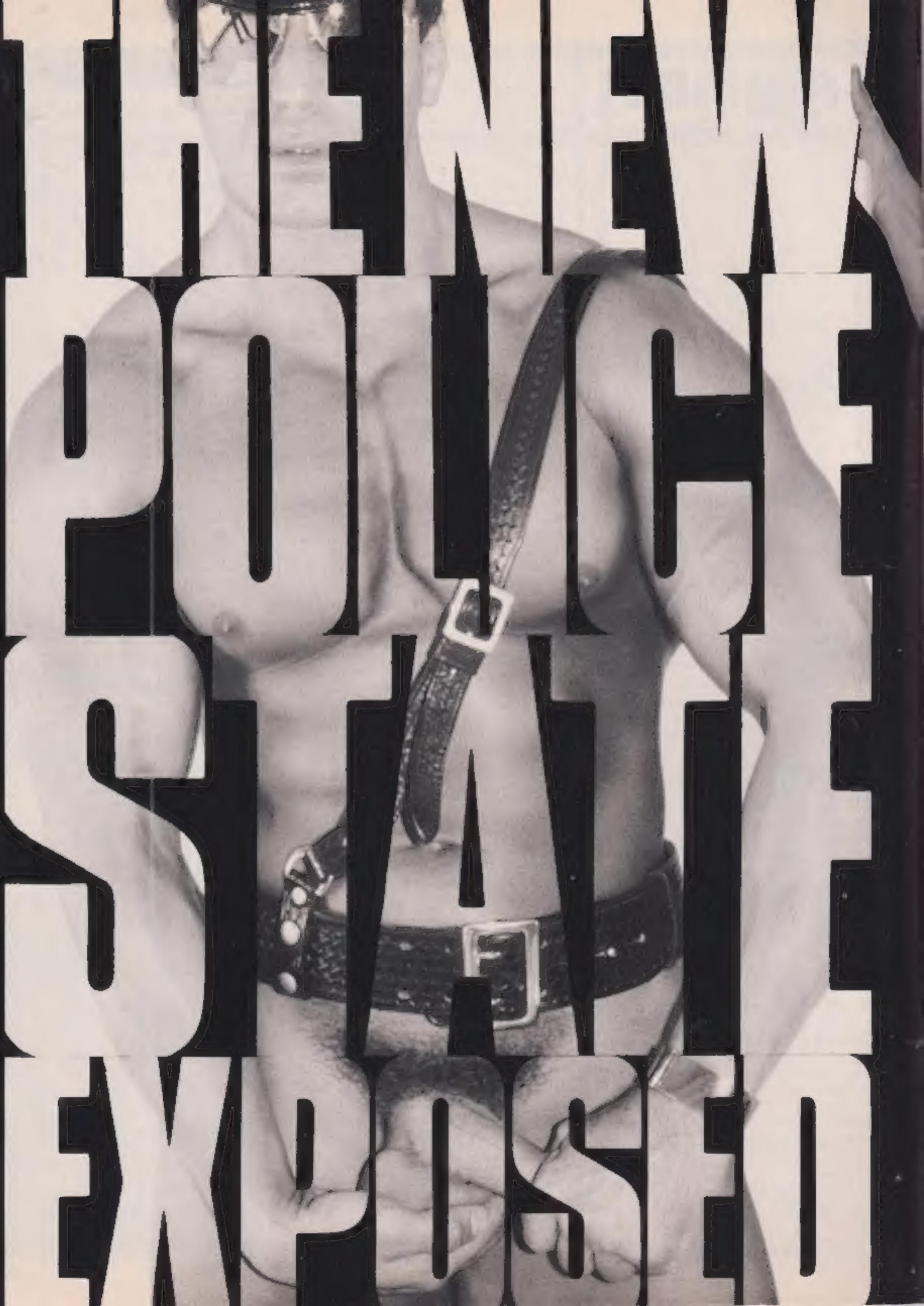


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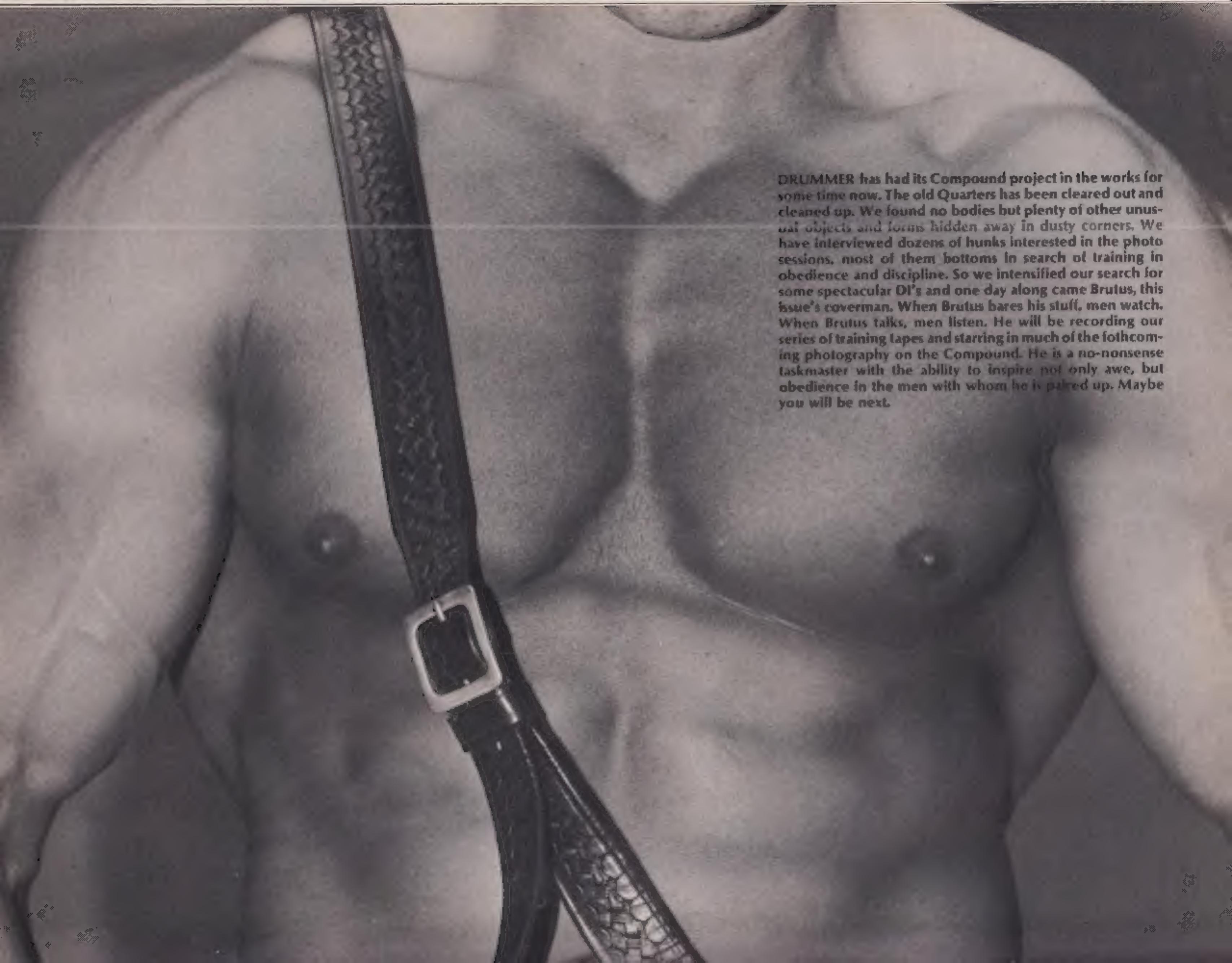


THE STRIP

When we told (suggested) Brutus to get into his leather and out of his uniform, he didn't merely take it all off, as most models would. He made a production of it, with remarks to no one in particular, like, "Suck my ass, motherfucker," and "Yeah, man, take it all the way down your cocksuckin' throat." It intimidated our photographer, who retreated, but Robert Payne was fascinated. This had to be the man for

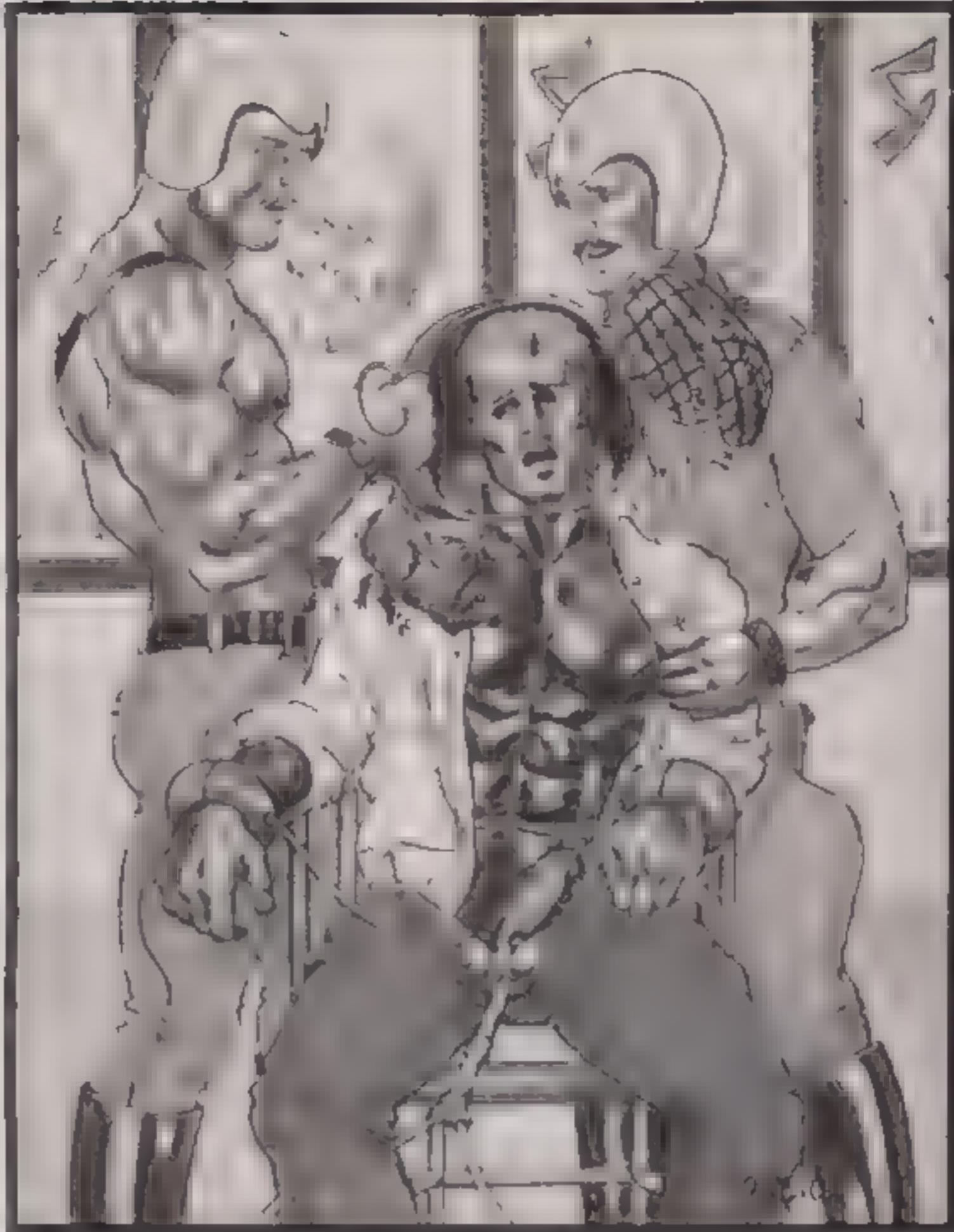


the new Quarters Project. The voice, the attitude, the look were perfect. And so began the completion of something we have been almost two years putting together. With his police uniform, Brutus was perfect as the strong arm of the establishment and even more perfect as he stripped it off. Official arrogance never looked better. Here was 1984 at its best and meanest. Stripped down to its essentials.



DRUMMER has had its Compound project in the works for some time now. The old Quarters has been cleared out and cleaned up. We found no bodies but plenty of other unusual objects and forms hidden away in dusty corners. We have interviewed dozens of hunks interested in the photo sessions, most of them bottoms in search of training in obedience and discipline. So we intensified our search for some spectacular DI's and one day along came Brutus, this issue's coverman. When Brutus bares his stuff, men watch. When Brutus talks, men listen. He will be recording our series of training tapes and starring in much of the forthcoming photography on the Compound. He is a no-nonsense taskmaster with the ability to inspire not only awe, but obedience in the men with whom he is paired up. Maybe you will be next.





BIG BROTHER

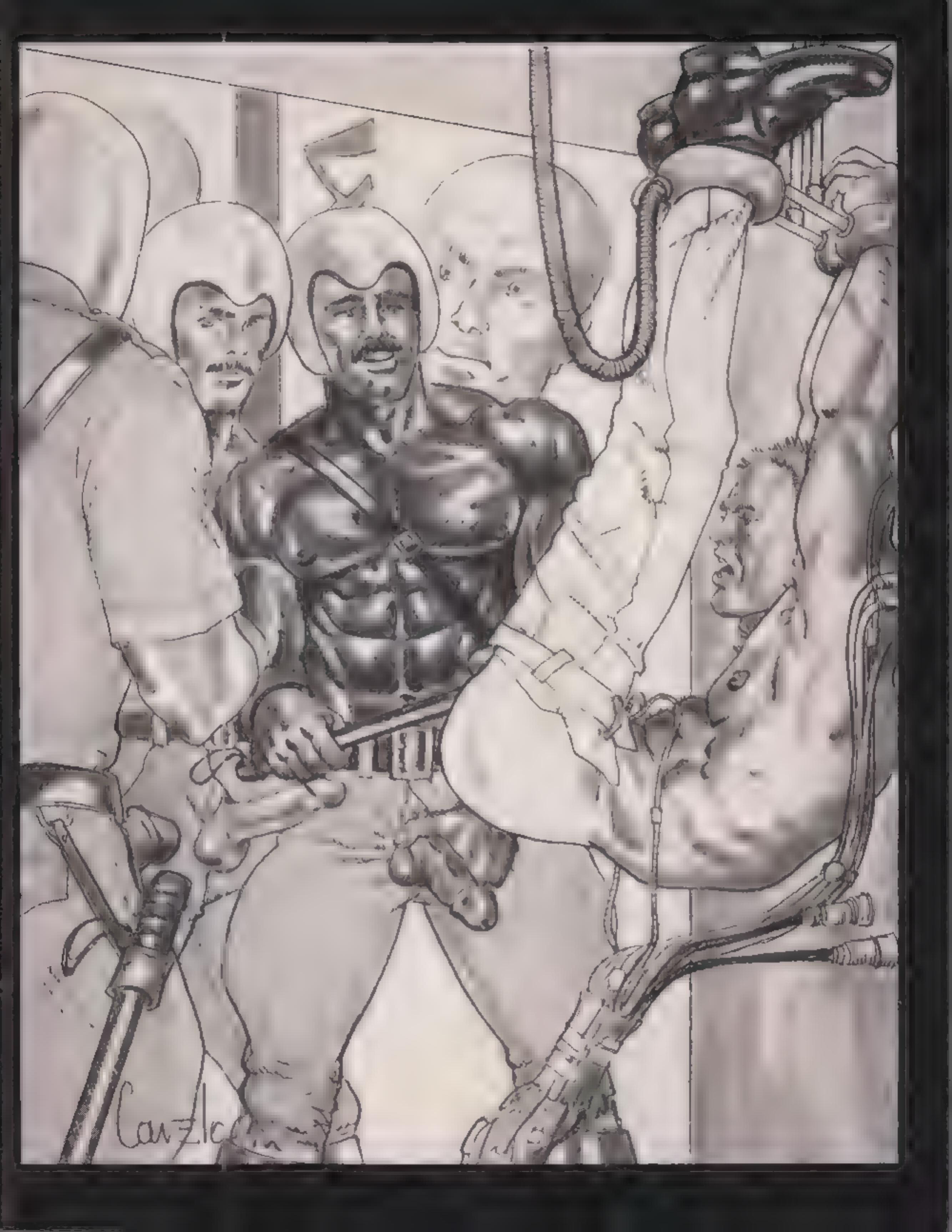
They told him they wanted information. He told them he knew nothing. They laughed. They took him to the underground chamber. He swore he would never talk. They laughed again.

"We have ways," they told him. Then they showed him. All the while, Big Brother watched. Big Brother listened. "Long Live Big Brother."

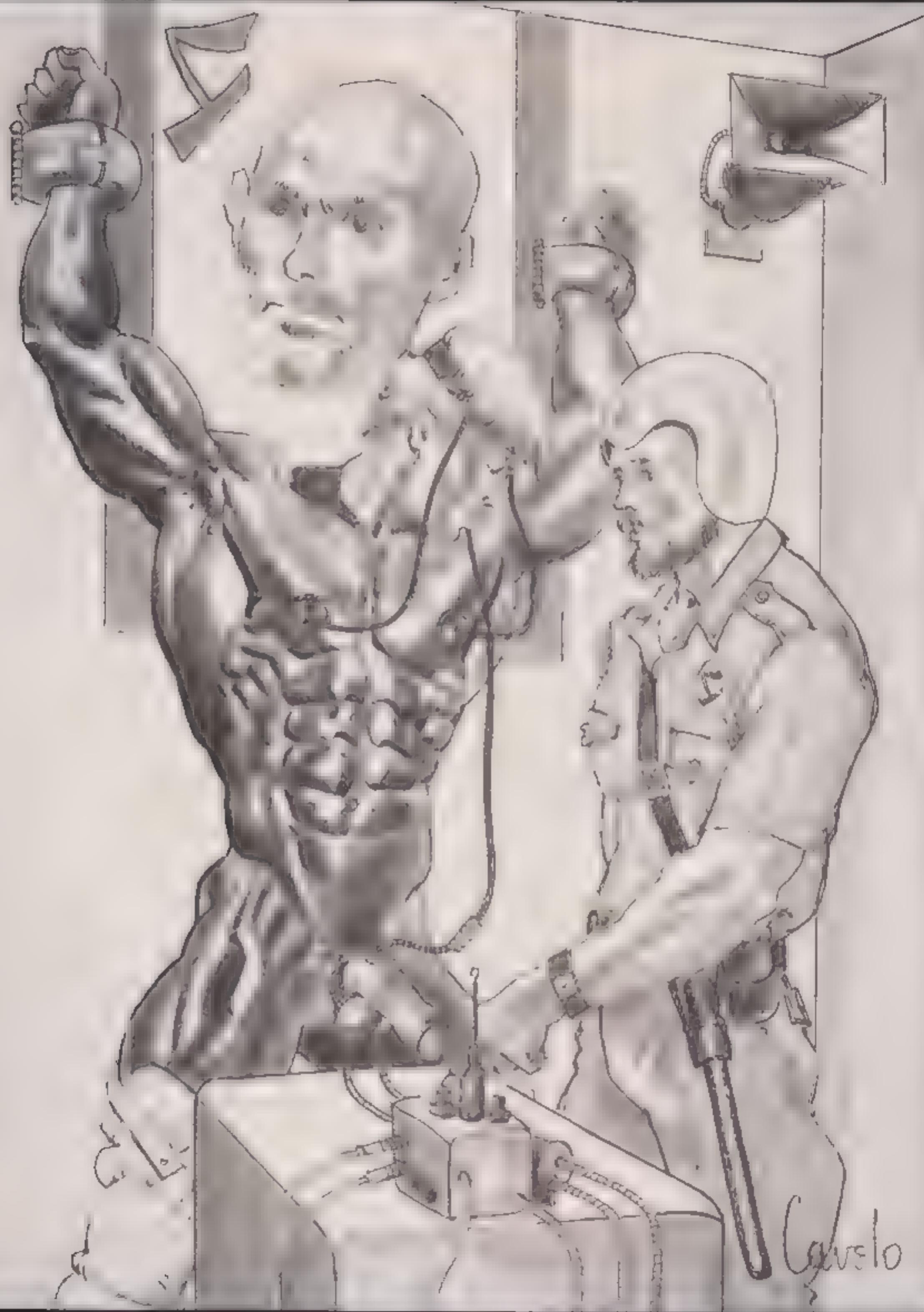
In the end he told them everything. He talked until he had no secrets left. But his confession was not enough. They wanted more. He would be trained to serve Big Brother.

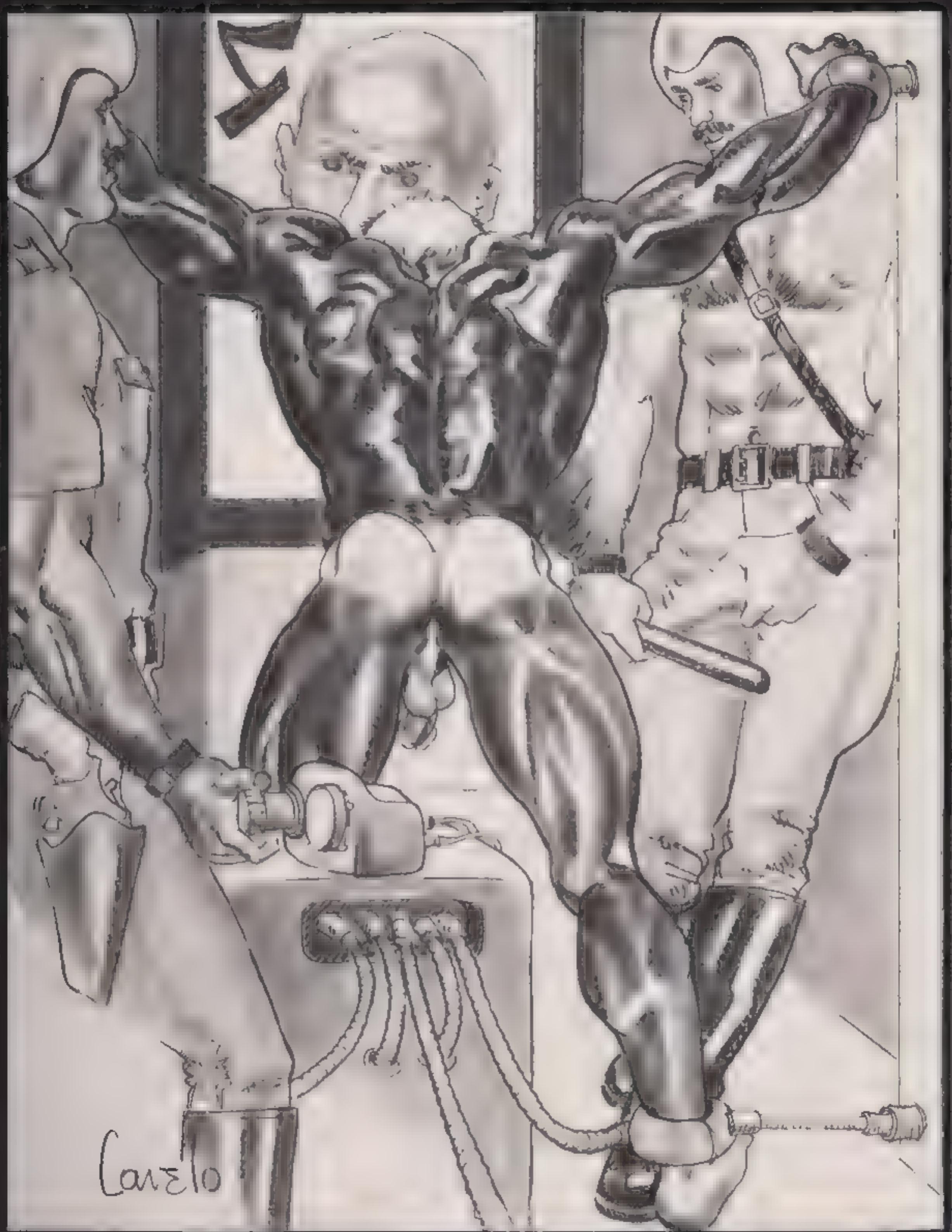
Love is Hate. Pain is Pleasure. They would teach him to think in their language. Tomorrow, the interrogation would begin again. "We Love You, Big Brother."

ART BY CAVELO



Carrie







BUILD YOUR OWN
SUBDIVISION
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For the Master without the strong wooden posts and beams of a basement or unfinished room; for the Master who doesn't want to drill huge holes into finished doorways and walls; for the Master who doesn't happen to be a master carpenter—this freestanding frame is an easy-to-build, fairly cheap means for providing various modes of suspended bondage. Once the frame is completed, optional placement of eyebolts or screw-hooks will allow mounting of a sling, a naked and spread-eagled slave—or whatever else the Master may choose to mount for his amusement.

For construction, you will need a minimum of:

- 8 four-by-fours, each 8' long (standard)
- 4 two-by-fours of varying length (to be determined after assembly)
- 24 8" bolts (1/2" diameter), nuts and washers
- electric drill with 1/2" bit
- large hammer
- carpenter's square to check right angles
- 2 slaves during drilling
- 2 to 3 slaves during assembly
- at least 12 screwhooks and/or eyebolts (suggested)

For the four-by-fours, used or low-grade fir will do. Rough redwood, though cheaper, is not advised, because redwood splinters are very infectious (and more bother than the slave is worth).

ANTICIPATING PROBLEMS

The biggest problem in constructing this frame is trying to visualize how each beam should lie in relationship to the other beams while drilling holes. The diagrams should eliminate this problem, as long as you number the beams as shown in Diagram A (putting the number on the same side of the beam that the number is next to in the diagram). The important thing here is to keep the holes matched once they've been drilled and the beams taken apart for further drilling. If you lose track of which beam was in contact with which beam, and how, the holes will not match when it's time to drive the bolts in—and you'll have a hell of a time figuring out what goes where. (This is likely to cause some Masters to fly into a rage, and begin disciplining slaves before the frame is completed, thus slowing construction.)

Another problem is drilling holes into the beams and bolting them together. Four-by-fours, at least the cheap ones, are often warped just enough to make right angles slightly difficult to establish. The beams don't ride totally flush on one another and one slave has to be sure to keep the beam steady while another drills. You will have to be as accurate as possible in making sure the beams are at right angles to one another, and it's best to draw lines on either side of a beam (when you drill the holes) to leave a



DIAGRAM B



DIAGRAM C



record of where a beam will lie in relationship to the other two beams it will eventually be bolted to.

Because of further warping when the beams are finally bolted together it's also advisable to have the frame assembled before measuring and cutting extra slats or beams to brace the verticals. You can't count on an even six feet between the verticals from top to base. Bracings are advised to reduce strain on the joints (see Suggestions).

Because the frame will tend to sway an inch or so, depending on how violent the action is, the frame should be placed about 2-3 inches away from anything you don't want bumped. This swaying motion puts additional terror into any slave, and should be no cause for concern.

Note. Four-by-fours are actually 3½" x 3½"—thus the measurements given in the diagrams.)

DRILLING

For each drilling, arrange the beams as illustrated in Diagrams D through I. Make sure the numbers are facing as shown.

It is important to drill straight down, not only for the bolt, but because you'll be able to drill only partially into the bottom beam, then have to move the top beam as de and finish drilling through the bottom one.

Once you have made sure the beams are at right angles to one another, drill

One hole at a time. After drilling the first hole through two beams, hammer the bolt in to make sure it fits, then leave it in to make sure it stays aligned while drilling the other hole (two holes per "joint"). Recheck the right angle before drilling the second hole, then hammer the bolt through the second hole to make sure both holes will take the bolts at the same time.

Remove the bolts after both joints have been drilled, then go on to the next drilling. Each drilling tends to keep one beam from the previous drilling while replacing the other two beams with two more.

These diagrams assume you have the room to drill three beams at once. If you can only do two at once, one of the joints can be drilled as shown in each diagram, and the other joint simply flipped over. If you do have to flip over one joint before drilling, be sure to place another beam under the top beam to keep it level. If you have the room to drill four beams at once, the fifth and final drillings can be done simultaneously, arranging the beams as indicated in Diagram A.

ASSEMBLY

It is easier, but not necessary, to have a third slave for the final assembly, since the top beams will have to be held up while another slave hammers bolts into the verticals.

Arrange all the beams in the room as

they will be arranged when bolted together. Bolt together the top beams, then raise their square to a vertical position so that you can bolt together the verticals for the two corners on the floor.

Make sure all bolts are fastened as tightly as possible, then raise the structure so it is standing on the bolted verticals. While one slave holds the other end up, bolt the other two verticals into place. Finish tightening any bolts that need it. From there on it's your game.

SUGGESTIONS

Once the frame is assembled, you can measure the distance between verticals and cut two-by-fours to fit between them. If you want to use the frame as a rack or for a tight spread-eagle, you should base two-by-fours between every vertical. This will keep the verticals in place, avoid straining the bolts—and maintain the taut spread of your slave.

By screwing solid hooks into every corner, top and bottom, and into the middle of each top beam, you can create not only a wide variety of 3-dimensional suspensions, but vertical as well as horizontal racks. Pulleys will be an additional expense, but make hauling the slave off the ground much easier.

The only limitations are the Master's imagination, and the slave's willingness to serve ...

DIAGRAM D

Second drilling

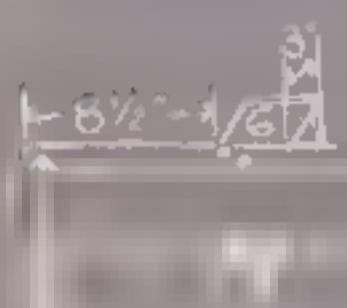


DIAGRAM E

Third drilling

DIAGRAM E

Second drilling



DIAGRAM F

Fourth drilling

DIAGRAM F

Fourth drilling



DIAGRAM G

Fifth drilling



DIAGRAM G

Fourth drilling

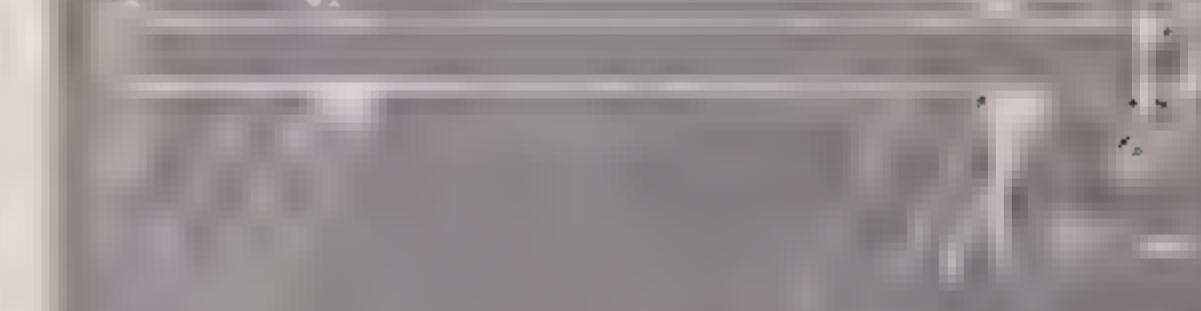
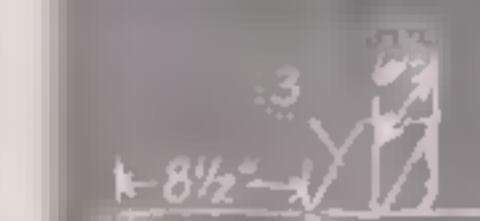
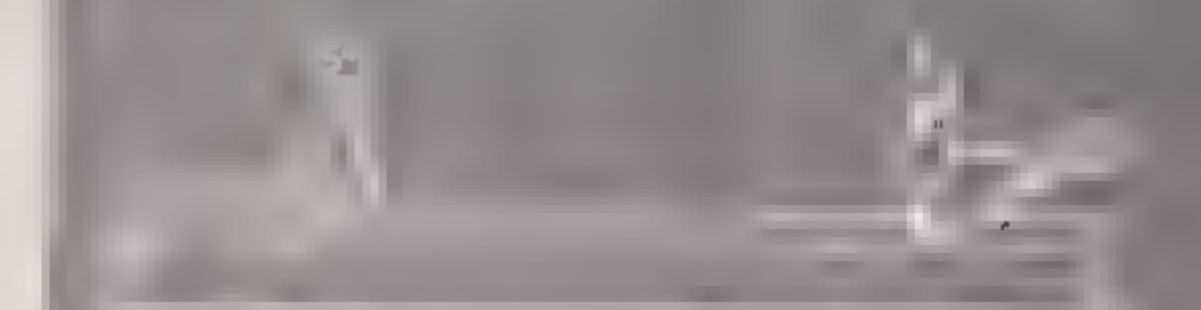
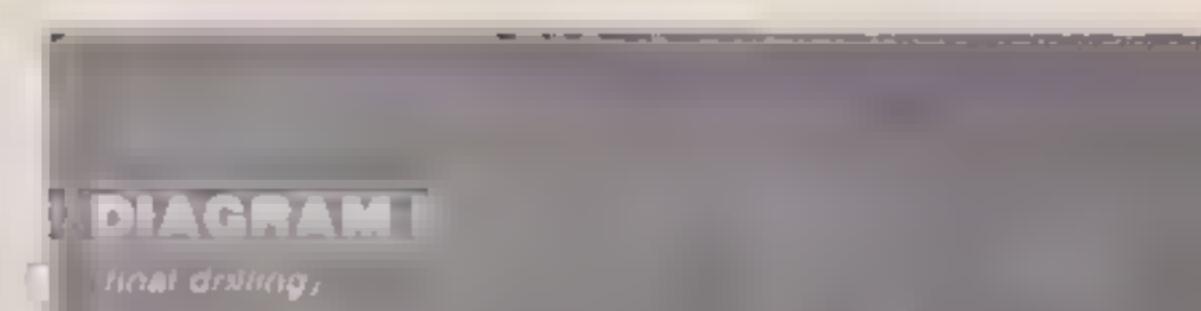


DIAGRAM H

Final drilling



EROTIC HISTORY of the ENEMA



"If you really want to be moved, don't read a book, take an enema." This advice, according to author David Barton-Jay, comes to us from no less august a source than Mark Twain; it serves as a mildly scandalous preface printed in large type and spread across two wide pages, to a new book filled with subterranean rumors and internal rumblings: *The Enema As An Erotic Art And Its History*.

This remarkable volume is the brain-child of New Yorker David Barton-Jay. In it, he shares an astonishing collection of writings on the art of the enema, and an even more astonishing array of illustrations. These range from quaint medieval woodcuts to pornographic French cartoons; from reproductions of erotic German postcards, circa 1931, to the Arthur Tress photograph (of a man lying unconscious amid a tangle of tubing) that scandalized readers of the *Village Voice* in 1979; from a silly episode of the "Gertrude's Follies" comic strip to a sinister tab eau by Rex and a panel from Etienne's classic carwash/slavewash series.

The writing is divided between the history of the enema and its erotic application. So, along with passages from Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon* (the enema as exorcism) and a play by Moliere (who wrote at a time when the enema had become fashionable among French royalty), there are contemporary true-life confessions such as this remembrance of summer camp:

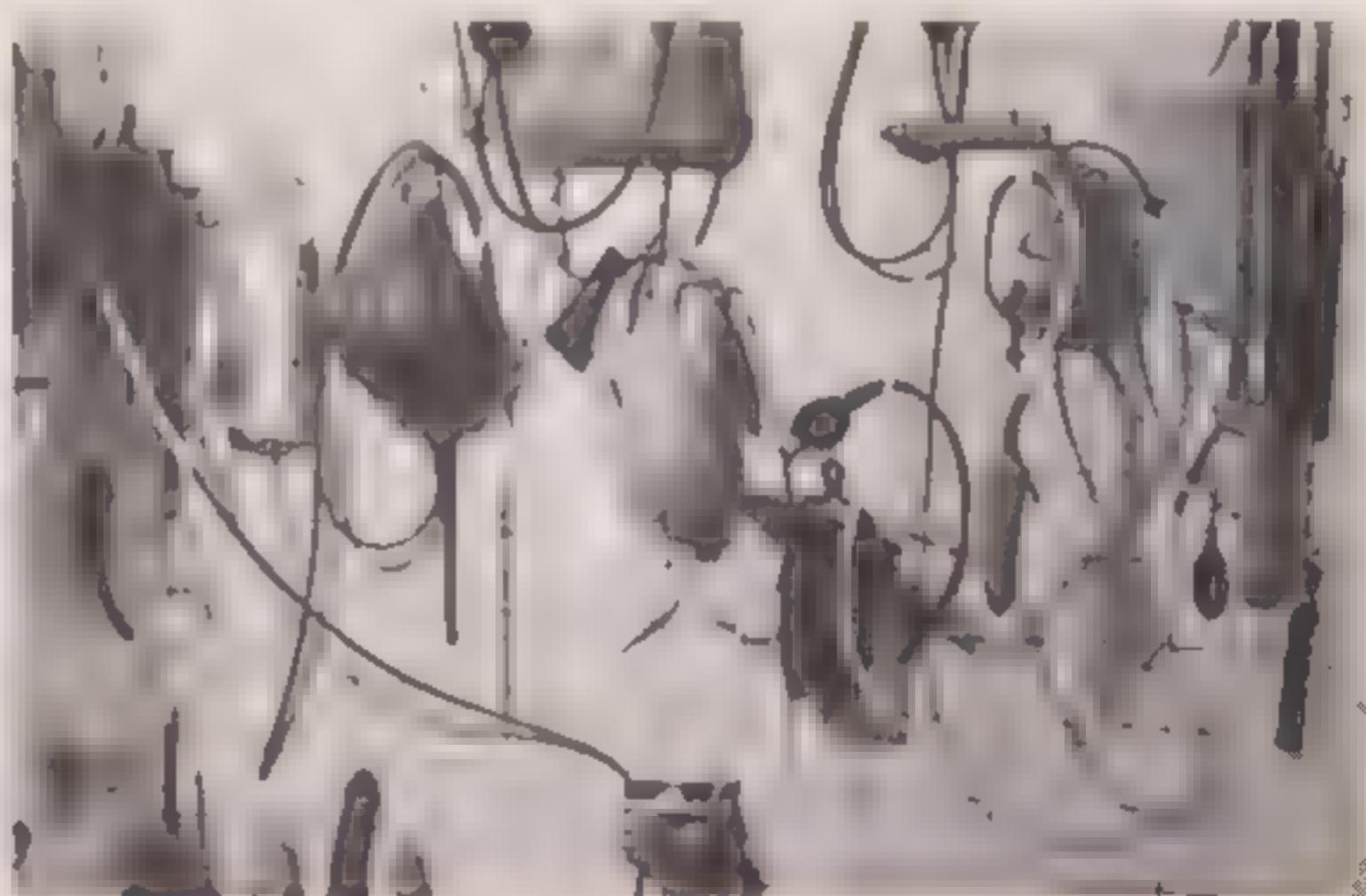
"I remember Ted Kuhn, fifteen beauti-



fully developed, running a high fever. Dr Newcomb ordered an enema and said I knew how to do it so that the two nurses in the infirmary (both female) could do more important tasks... Ted was very docile, accepted it without a quiver, and took two cans full. Then Georgie Helmstader, age fourteen, tall, athletic, full of wisecracks. I had him get on his hands and knees—put my finger into his rectum with vaseline on it—and he screamed and jumped up. I insisted he get back down and put the nozzle into his anus before he

knew what happened. The water went in quickly, he kept yelling that he couldn't hold it, but I kept it going and finally let him get on the toilet. As he sat there he became erect and was terribly embarrassed. I left the room and when I came back he had finished masturbating—and looked quite guilty! I gave him another enema—just for the hell of it—and this time no yelling, no fuss..."

Other passages are even more directly erotic, as David Barton-Jay exposes his own lifestyle. These include exchanges of



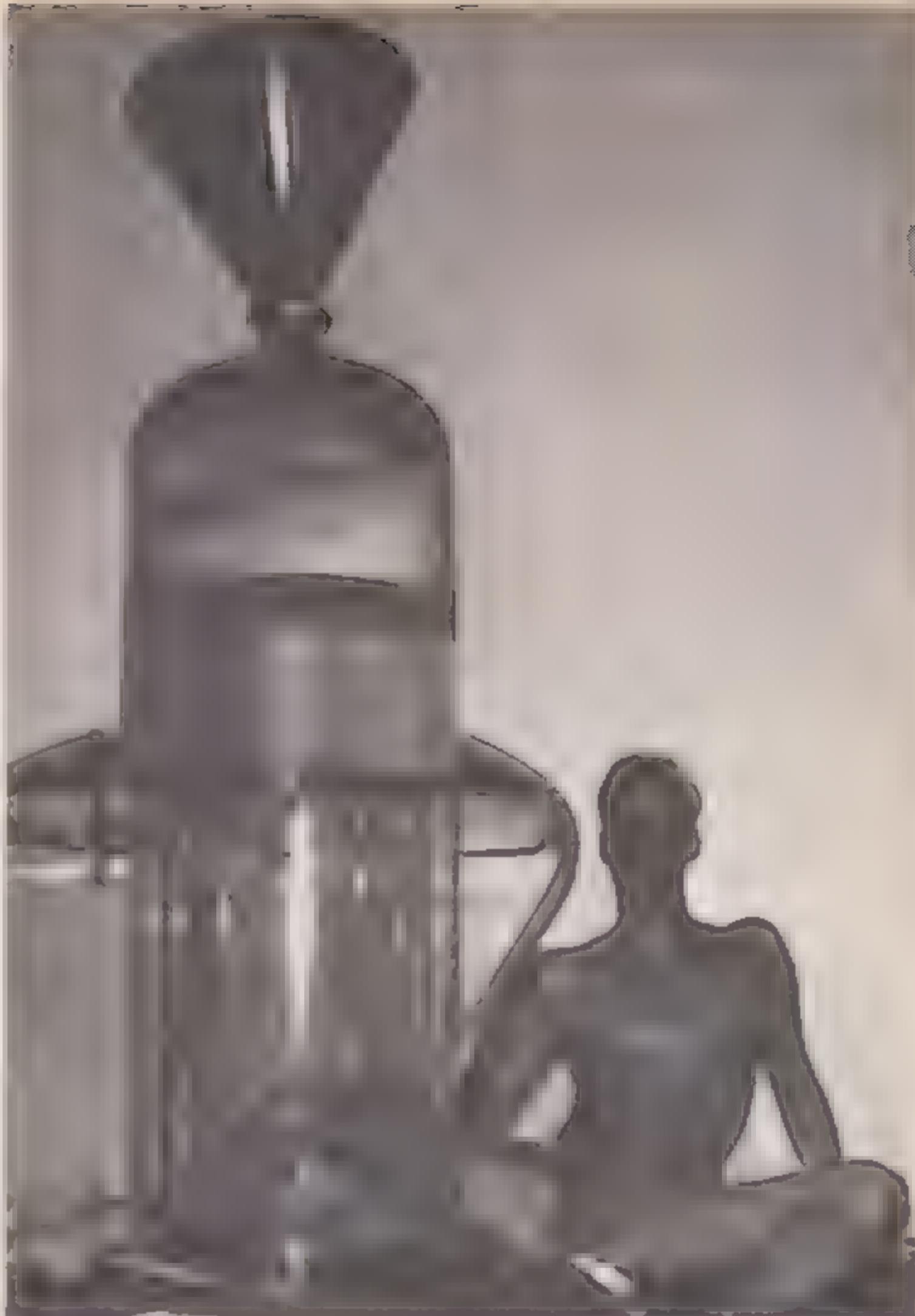
Photography and illustration © THE DAVID BARTON-JAY PROJECTS

letters between Barton-Jay and others (both male and female) who have sought out his particular services. A letter from Peggy H. begins "My husband and I are soon going to visit New York, and your ad has more than piqued our interest and stimulated our imagination. I had almost forgotten, until learning of you, how wonderful an enema can be."

Another exchange, between David and Larry, draws an intriguing portrait of an SM relationship centered around the administration of enemas. David: "You have a lot to learn! You talk of 'dependence'! I haven't begun to scratch your surface. You talk of submission. Ha! I treated you like the baby you are. Pain. You talk of pain. I haven't begun to hurt you and I have no intention of giving you 'pleasure' if we meet again. You are going to wish you had never seen an enema bag."

After a lengthy response from Larry, David arranges a date: "You talk too much. I will fix that, don't doubt! In preparation for our next round you are to be prepared with the following: six lengths of nautical rope each five feet long. One straight-edged razor. One package of clothespins, spring operated. One tube of Ben-Gay. One pair of pink satin panties with lace trim. One roll of 2" masking tape. Write when ready."

The passages above, and the illustrations reproduced here, only scratch the surface of *The Enema As An Erotic Art And Its History*. For anal fetishists, this is an essential artifact; for dabblers, a deluxe introduction into an esoteric realm of the senses. It's a handsome paperback volume, well-printed, large (335 pages, 8 1/2" high, 11" wide), and, with its subtle tongue-in-cheek cover photo, suitable for tastefully appointed coffee tables. The price: \$47.50 (plus \$2.50 for "insured postage and discreet handling"). The source: The David Barton-Jay Projects, Suite 3156, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010. —SS



DRUMSTICKS

Found Weekend

That opaque Frida night
you strutted in
feet firmly planted
head held high
steel blue eyes defiant
and easily confident
That transparent Monday morning
you crawled out
wrinkled-kneed
head bowed
steel blue eyes downcast
and assured of what you are

Augie Canetti



Carlo

*You never laugh when you're with an acre
fighting for the bottom*



CARLO

Top - Only sitting with more fingerprints than the FBI



CARLO

*For chrysake Bob, I'm a dame & I'm
well thick-skinned son*

AVE STONE



ALLAN EAGLES

Illustration Beauford Stowell

I spent the summer of 1957 at a coal mine in eastern Kentucky. Fortunately, I didn't have to do any underground work there—the mine had been closed for about three years—but I did have to maintain the shade and equipment which clustered around the entrance to the mine tunnel. The pay for this work came to a mere \$25 a week, but I lived rent-free in a trailer on the premises, and I had a supply of food coupons which I could redeem for groceries in the nearby town of Garveyville.

About half a mile from this mine lay a small pond which bordered on the edge of the town cemetery. Sometimes on especially hot nights, I'd forsake the stuffy interior of my trailer for the smooth, green banks of this pond where I could sleep, undisturbed, in relative comfort. Lying less than fifty feet from a cemetery didn't bother me either, for I'm a superstitious type, and besides, the cemetery in question hadn't been used in years—with one important exception.

It seems a police sergeant had been shot and killed in Garveyville about a month before my arrival to the area, and for some reason or other he'd been buried out here in the old cemetery rather than in the new one closer to town. One steamy night in early August, while spreading out a sheet on the banks of the pond, I heard the rumble of a pickup truck coming along the narrow road which led to the cemetery. Puzzled by this unexpected intrusion, I knelt down behind some bushes and watched the headlights of the truck grow steadily larger in the distance. Perhaps, I told myself, some teenagers from Garveyville were out joy-riding, or perhaps two young lovers had decided to use the deserted cemetery for a bit of midnight sex. In either case, I decided to keep my presence a secret in order to avoid possible trouble or embarrassment.

When the truck finally pulled to a stop inside the cemetery fence, I saw it contained neither teenagers nor lovers, but rather a trio of rough-looking men whom I took to be members of the same family. The oldest of this trio, a bearded man in his mid-forties, wore jeans, boots, and a soiled white shirt left open to the waist. As he stepped from the truck, I saw he carried a shotgun in his right hand, and the sight of this weapon made me crouch still lower among the protective leaves of the bushes.

The other two seemed to be the bearded man's sons. The first, a muscular youth in his early twenties, wore jeans, boots, and a sleeveless undershirt which revealed several dark-colored tattoos on his upper arms. The second, who couldn't have been more than fifteen, wore jeans and boots—but no shirt at all. Like his older brother, he carried in his hand a half-empty bottle of beer.

Why had these three come to an isolated cemetery in the dead of night? At first, I thought they might be grave-robbers, but like my earlier suppositions, this one proved to be false as well.

"Haul 'im out here!" said the man with the shotgun as he stood in the beam of the headlights.

The man's two sons walked to the back of the truck and lowered the tailgate. Then, putting down their beers, they pulled from the truck-bed a lanky young policeman whom I thought I recognized from my occasional visits into Garveyville. The policeman's hands had been cuffed behind his back, a blindfold had been tied over his eyes, and a gag had been stuffed into his mouth. Both his gun and gunbelt were missing.

The bearded man now muttered something to his two sons who immediately removed the cop's blindfold, gag, and handcuffs. The cop started to say something at this point, but the bearded man cut him off with a wave of his weapon.

"Don't talk," he said. "Just strip."

The crew-cut cop hesitated for a moment. Then, after looking at the shotgun pointed in his direction, he began to unbutton the front of his light blue shirt.

A few facts about this cop now began to occur to me. I remembered hearing that he'd become a policeman right after his three-year hitch in the army, and that he'd been on the Garveyville force just a few weeks before his partner had been shot during the course of a bank robbery. I also remembered that—

"Hurry up!" the bearded man said, interrupting my train of thought.

The cop let his shirt fall to the ground, exposing a smooth, suntanned chest which glistened in the glare of the headlights with countless beads of sweat.

"Hey, he looks just like that there Tab Hunter," the fifteen-year-old snickered. "Specially in the tits department."

"C'mon," the bearded man said to the cop. "Show us the rest of what you got."

The Garveyville policeman bent over and pulled off his shoes and socks. Then, straightening up, he unzipped the fly of his dark blue trousers. Seconds later, he stood on display for his three captors, wearing only a pair of J.C. Penney briefs which bulged conspicuously at the crotch.

"Them too," the bearded man said.

The cop reluctantly pulled off his underwear. As he tossed this garment onto the rest of his discarded clothing, the kid let out a loud whistle.

"Looks like Tab Hunter down there, too," he said, pointing with his beer bottle toward the policeman's groin.

"How'd you know?" his older brother sneered.

"Hey, Pa," the kid continued, turning toward the bearded man. "We could sell off the bull and rent out this here cop for stud service!"

"He's got a big one, all right," the bearded man admitted, "but that don't mean he can get it up when he has to."

"Bet he can," the kid countered. "Just look at them there balls!"

The kid's confidence seemed well-founded. Even from my perspective behind a row of bushes, I could see the young cop had an impressive set of parts hanging down between his legs. His large, unwrinkled sack looked as plump as a Texas grapefruit, and the big-headed cock which dangled in front of it resembled the front-half of a Brazilian python. Above these parts—and setting them off to perfection—grew a tangle of dark brown hair which further emphasized the lawman's virility.

"How 'bout it, cop?" Pa asked. "Can you get it up for us, or is it

just gonna hang there lookin' purdy?"

The cop muttered something which I couldn't quite hear, but which had an immediate effect on his three captors. Pa shouted "Son-of-a-bitch!" in a loud voice, while his two sons attacked the cop simultaneously—the older one kicking him in the crotch, and the younger one hitting him in the head with a beer bottle. The dazed cop fell to the ground under the force of these blows, and as the beating continued, I considered and then rejected the notion of rushing to his defense. After all, being alone and unarmed, there was little—if anything—I could do for him.

Summoning outside help would also be difficult. There was no telephone back at the mine, and while I might be able to drive to the nearest police station, the round trip would take nearly an hour. Besides, I didn't know if I could emerge from my current hiding place without being detected. For the moment I decided to stay put and see what might happen next.

"That's enough," Pa finally said to his two sons, who gave the prone policeman one last flurry of punches and kicks before rising to their feet, panting with exertion and excitement.

"First time I ever kicked a cop in the nuts!" the older one exclaimed, tugging at the bulge in his crotch. "Felt real good, too."

"I punched him so hard in the kidneys," the younger one boasted, "he'll be pissin' blood for a week!"

"Never mind that," Pa said, looking down at the half-unconscious cop. "Let's get on with what we come here for. You hear me?"

Both sons nodded.

"You, Duane," Pa said to the younger one. "You get that here bottle out of the truck, and you, Jesse," he said to the older one putting aside his shotgun, "you help me get this here cop up on his knees."

I watched Pa and Jesse haul the battered cop into position. Blood trickled from half a dozen cuts on his face. I then watched them hold back his head while Duane poured a bottle of green liquid down his throat.

"Drink it all up," Pa chuckled, "like a good little boy."

The cop gagged and choked as the contents of the bottle were forced past his lips, and streams of green fluid dribbled down onto his bare chest. Eventually, he swallowed most of the stuff being administered to him.

"Know what that was?" Pa asked the cop as Duane threw away the empty bottle. "That's what my Pappy used to call a 'tube cleaner'."

"A laxative," Jesse explained.

"Yeah, a laxative," Pa said, picking up his shotgun again. "One that'll really loosen up that puckerhole of yours. And you know why we gave it to you?"

The cop shook his head.

"'Cause we want you to...well, see that tombstone over there?" Pa pointed to a slab of granite about five feet high and two feet wide which had recently been erected in the middle of the cemetery. "You know who's under that stone?"

"Sergeant Fuller," the kneeling policeman replied in a barely audible voice.

"That's right," Pa agreed. "The cop who put a bullet through my oldest boy's head."

"Your oldest boy was robbing a bank," the cop said, defiance in his voice.

"I ain't arguin' with that," Pa went on, "but I figure my oldest boy would still be wantin' just a little more revenge on the man who killed him, so his two brothers and me decided on this here plan." Pa gave a chuckle. "We decided to make Sergeant Fuller's partner—that's you—come out here and take a shit on his grave."

"What?" the astonished cop asked.

"You heard me," Pa said. "We wanna watch you walk over there, squat down, and lay a big pile of steamin' hot turds right on top your partner's grave."

The cop nearly exploded in rage. "You dirty bastards!" he shouted, climbing to his feet. "You filthy per—"

Duane cut short the cop's protest by whacking him hard with a beer bottle. The cop fell to the ground once more, bleeding from a fresh cut across the back of his head.

"Cuff 'im to that stone," Pa growled.

Jesse and Duane dragged the cop by his arms toward Sergeant Fuller's tombstone. Once they reached their destination, they pulled the cop up on his knees and cuffed his hands tightly together on the back side of the granite. The cop now hugged his partner's gravestone like a man praying at an altar.

From my vantage point, I could see the cop's firm, well-rounded buttocks in profile, jutting out from the vertical line of his body. These buttocks looked nearly white in the beams cast by the truck's headlamps, offering a sharp contrast to the sun-tanned skin of the cop's torso and legs.

I wasn't the only one looking at the policeman's rear end.

"That's one fine piece of ass you got there," Duane said to the cop, who'd now regained his senses.

"Yeah, looks just like the one on my ol' buddy, Tab Hunter," Jesse joked.

Duane gave Jesse a playful punch in the arm. Then he leaned over and whispered something in his brother's ear. Jesse grinned and nodded his head.

"The best thing about his ass," said Pa, ignoring the antics of his two sons, "is how it's positioned. You see, when he takes his shit, the turds'll go right about on top of Sergeant Fuller's face. Ever think of that, cop? Ever think that someday you'd be crap-pin' on your dead partner's face?"

"You'll burn in hell for this!" the cop swore, his face red with anger.

"Don't doubt I will," Pa calmly agreed, "but I'll have lots of company down there. Yes sir, I'll have my oldest boy, and Sergeant Fuller will be down there, too—suckin' away on my boy's dick."

The cop let loose a torrent of curses, and the straining muscles in his arms showed how hard he was trying to break out of his bonds. The handcuffs held tight around his wrists, however, and because of some carving at the top corners of the tombstone, I saw he couldn't free himself by sliding his arms up the rough sides of the granite.

"No use tryin' to get away," Pa said, taking his shotgun and sitting down on a nearby tombstone. "You're just gonna have to stay there till you crap."

"Sis, Pa," Jesse began. "Duane and me's been talkin', and we come up with a way to make this here cop shit himself real fast. You see, we figured we'd...that is..."

"We wanna fuck 'im!" Duane broke in.

"Yeah, that's right," Jesse confirmed. "You know how fuckin' someone in the ass makes 'em wanna shit, so we thought—"

"Hell!" Pa snorted. "Didn't you two wear yourselves out cornin' that feber down at the 'illin' station?"

"Yeah, but this here's a cop," Jesse pointed out, "and we ain't never fucked a cop before."

Pa pondered his sons' request for a moment. Then he nodded his head. "I kinda like the notion of cornin' a cop right over the grave of his dead partner—so go to it, boys, and really make the bastard squeal!"

Jesse gave a whoop of delight and immediately began to shuck off his clothes. As he pulled down his jeans, I saw he wore no underwear. I also saw his large organ had already swollen into a firm erection.

"Don't rip 'im up too bad," Duane pleaded as Jesse knelt down behind the helpless officer.

"I'll rip 'im any damn way I please," Jesse said, pushing his naked body against his victim's. Then, using both hands, he fitted the head of his cock into the sweaty crack which divided the policeman's smooth white buttocks. "Here it comes!" he warned. "Here comes a great big pecker all the way up your shitty cop ass!"

I watched as Jesse pressed his hips forward, and I heard a loud grunt escape from his lips, but even from my vantage point I could tell he hadn't gotten inside. The policeman, for the moment, was still a virgin—anally speaking.

"Damn, he's tight," Jesse muttered.

"Ain't your cock puttin' out any of that lubrication stuff?" Duane asked.

"Drippin' like a faucet, but he's got himself all puckered up solid."

Duane reached over and slapped the cop's face. "Loosen your shithole!" he commanded.

Jesse jerked his hips forward again, groaning and sweating from the effort. Again he was unsuccessful. On the third try, however, he managed to ram his way through the cop's ring of defenses. As he did so, he let out a cry of relief as the cop let out a cry of pain. Somewhere beneath those yells, I thought I could detect the sound of tearing muscles.

"I'm fuckin' a cop!" Jesse shouted. "I'm fuckin' the ass off a goddamned cop!"

For the next two or three minutes, Jesse proceeded to brutally bang away at the cop's hole with a series of rapid-fire strokes which put an end to the policeman's defiance. Now the policeman simply hugged the granite tombstone, the side of his face pressed against its carved surface, as he absorbed thrust after thrust into his tortured rectum.

"He really felt that one!" Duane giggled as Jesse rammed forward and upward with an extra measure of force.

"Yeah," Pa added, rubbing at his crotch. "Give 'em a couple more of them cherrybusters."

Jesse continued to rape the cop without pause or pity, releasing a loud grunt with each forward lunge. Finally, when he froze in place against his victim, I knew he must be shooting the contents of his balls deep into the policeman's guts.

"Man, that was one hell of a fuck!" Jesse exclaimed after pulling out of the cop's hole.

"C'mon, let me at 'im," Duane impatiently said. As Jesse moved to one side, Duane—who'd already stripped off his boots and jeans—knelt in position behind the cop, his hard-on aimed at the cop's ass. Then Duane pried apart the cop's cheeks with the palms of his hands.

"Damn!" he swore. "You left his asshole all torn and bloody."

"Can't help it if I'm big," Jesse said in a mocking voice as he bent over and picked up the cop's discarded briefs. "But," he continued, using the briefs to wipe off his tool, "you better get in there fast 'fore the shit starts flowin'."

Duane took his brother's advice. Grabbing hold of the cop's sides, he hunched forward so the head of his dick disappeared between the cop's buns. Then he hunched forward again, sending his dick all the way up the cop's shit-tube. The cop let out another cry of pain, but Duane showed him no mercy. He just kept pounding away at a furious pace, all the while mouthing threats and obscenities in his victim's ear.

"Hey, cop," Pa said in a loud voice. "How's it feel gettin' your ass cornholed right on top your buddy's coffin?"

The cop didn't answer, so Duane spitefully clawed his sides, leaving behind a row of bloody gashes on his suntanned skin. The cop twisted in pain at this latest torment, but still didn't answer Pa's question.

"That policeman's got a honey of an ass," Jesse said to Pa as he stepped back into his jeans. "Better than any of the pussy you can get in this here county."

"Bet it's a hot one, all right," Pa agreed.

The bearded man and his elder son then watched as Duane reached a noisy and prolonged climax inside the policeman's body. When Duane finally extracted his dick from the policeman's fuck-canal, there was a sloppy, sucking noise which prompted a burst of laughter from both members of his audience.

"Sounds like you got out just ahead of the shit!" Pa chuckled. But as the naked cop clung, sweating and trembling, to the



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granite tombstone of his dead partner, the expected flow of excrement did not appear—much to his captors' disappointment.

"That laxative stuff was supposed to be strong enough to make a horse shit out his innards," Pa grumbled.

"Maybe a good switchin' will do the trick," Jesse suggested. As Duane wiped his dick on the cop's underwear, Jesse walked over to a nearby bush and broke off a thin but sturdy branch measuring about three feet in length. After stripping the leaves, Jesse walked back over to the cop, swinging the branch sharply through the air so that it made a loud whooshing sound.

"If you feel like yellin', cop," Jesse said as he took his position behind the naked lawman, "go right ahead, 'cause no one can hear you out here in this damn graveyard."

Jesse then cracked his switch forward so that it sliced horizontally across the cop's bare back. The cop jerked and let out a startled gasp. Jesse then switched him again, a little lower this time, and again the cop jerked and gasped.

"You wanna beer, Pa?" Duane asked, pulling on his jeans. Pa said he did, so Duane brought him a bottle from the front seat of the truck. Then Duane sat down with his own bottle and together he and his father watched Jesse deliver blow after stinging blow to the policeman's quivering back.

"Don't see no shit comin' out yet," Pa said between gulps of beer.

"You will," Jesse promised. "You will."

Jesse redoubled his efforts, using his switch with such force that he carved out a series of bloody wells from the policeman's shoulders to his waist. The policeman still didn't scream, however, and he still didn't shit himself.

"Damn you!" Jesse swore, giving the cop such a vicious blow that the switch in his hand actually snapped in two, its loose half sailing off into the darkness like a missile.

"Better call it quits," Pa advised. "After all, we don't wanna kill the fucker. We just wanna make him fertilize his buddy's grave, and I think I know how to get 'im to do that."

"More laxative?" Duane suggested.

"No, a piss-fuck," Pa said. "I'm gonna give this here cop a good, old-fashioned piss-fuck."

Jesse and Duane clapped and whistled when Pa rose to his feet, as if their father were a circus acrobat about to perform a trick. Pa smiled, handed his beer bottle to Jesse, and then pulled from his fly a cock which, even when half-erect, looked like the trunk of a bull elephant.

"Ever see one that big?" Pa proudly asked the cop, showing off his hardening member.

The cop's eyes seemed to widen in fear as he watched the bearded man's tool grow longer and thicker. Pa gave a satisfied chuckle. Then he pushed his jeans around his knees and knelt down behind the helpless cop.

"You boys sure got 'im all creamed up for me," Pa said, poking a finger into the frightened lawman's ass.

"Yeah, you'll find 'im all nice and slick," Jesse promised as he prepared to take a swig from Pa's bottle.

The bearded man put his hands on the policeman's hips. He then inched forward so his cockhead pressed against the target which lay between the policeman's buttocks. After pausing for a moment—perhaps to increase his victim's anxiety—the bearded man lunged forward, shooting every inch of his foot-long rod straight into the policeman's bowels. The cop's scream tore through the night like an air-raid siren.

"Split 'im open!" Jesse yelled.

"Yeah, fuck 'im in two!" Duane urged.

Pa's technique differed from his sons'. Whereas both Jesse and Duane used a furious series of in-and-out strokes, Pa worked more slowly and deliberately, grinding his hips in a tight circle as he kept his victim pressed flat against the vertical surface of the tombstone. Judging from the anguished look on the cop's face, however, Pa's style of fucking produced just as much pain and humiliation as that used by his two offspring.

"I told you he was good inside," Jesse said as Pa continued to rape the police officer.

"Wonder if Sergeant Fuller ever wanted to get in there?" Duane giggled.

"Nah," Jesse replied. "Cops just like to jack each other off."

Duane giggled again and took a drink of beer. Pawent on with the rape, never changing the speed or direction of his circular movements, and never making any sounds to indicate the pleasure he must be feeling at this moment. So calmly, in fact, did the bearded man perform his sexual function, that I could tell he reached his climax only by seeing his buttocks suddenly clench tightly together.

"Did you squirt?" Duane eagerly asked.

"Yeah," Pa said with a grin. "Really emptied my balls in 'im."

"Hey, cop," Duane continued. "How's it feel havin' all that jism inside your guts?"

The policeman didn't answer, but the shamed look on his reddened face spoke louder than any words. The look on Pa's face, however, was one of amusement and expectation. This look, coupled with the fact that Pa remained locked in place behind the naked cop, told me what was meant by a "piss-fuck." Pa intended to urinate inside his victim's body. Sure enough, Pa soon let out an unmistakable sigh, followed by a gasp from the startled policeman.

"That's right," Jesse said to the squirming cop. "Your god-damned ass is bein' used like a toilet."

"Just be glad Pa's peein' up your ass instead of down your throat," Duane added.

After discharging the contents of his beer-filled bladder, Pa gave a satisfied grunt and pulled out of the cop's body.

"That oughta do it," he said, wiping off his dirty dick on the cop's underwear. "That oughta make 'im shit from here to Sunday."

As Pa stepped back off the grave, tucking his rod into his pants, the policeman let out a sharp cry. This cry was followed by a wet, explosive sound which erupted between his buttocks. The cop's three rapists then laughed and hollered as their victim shot out a river of urine from his tortured bowels. This urine was generously mixed with a number of soft brown lumps.

"Look at that motherfucker shit!" Jesse exclaimed, pointing at the cop's ass.

There was a slight pause in the cop's defecation. Then he let out another cry as the flow resumed, thinner and runnier than before. This flow, added to what had already been expelled, created an ever-growing pile between the cop's knees.

"Sure smells bad," Duane said, wrinkling up his nose. "Just like the bottom of an outhouse."

The cop's body heaved in torment as another flow of shit gushed out of his torn sphincter.

"It'll seep through the ground soon," Pa observed, "and before long, it'll hit that coffin lid and start eatin' through the wood. After that, it's just a matter of time 'fore it begins to drip right down on that dead cop's face."

"Maybe it'll hit 'im smack dab in the mouth," Jesse chuckled.

"C'mon, cop!" Duane urged. "Give your dead buddy another turd to suck on!"

The policeman made a loud farting noise and then expelled another torrent of shit—as if his very guts were being pulled out of his shithole. By now, I could see tears flowing down the policeman's face. Another obscene slurping noise followed as the cop sent a final wave of excrement spewing out from between his naked buttocks.

"Guess he's all cleaned out," Pa remarked in a bored voice.

"Musta crapped about twenty pounds worth," Duane added.

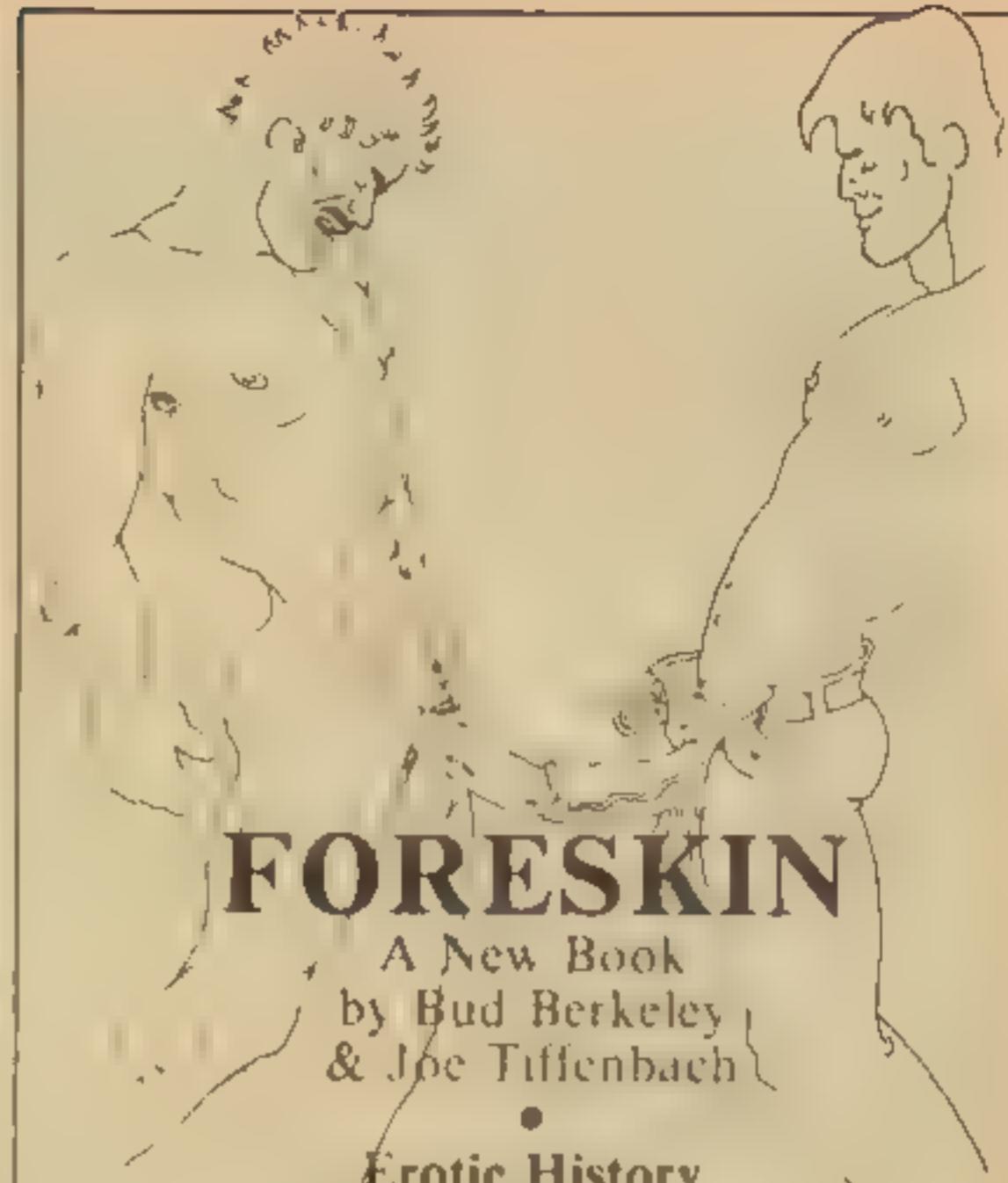
"Here," Pa said, tossing Duane the pair of soiled briefs he'd been holding. "I'm all pissed out, so how's about you wettin' down these here drawers?"

"What for?" Duane asked.

"So's when you stick 'em in the cop's mouth," Pa said, "he'll have somethin' tasty to chew on."

Duane grinned at the suggestion and immediately pulled his cock from his jeans.

"Can I do it, too?" Jesse asked as he watched his younger brother urinate on the policeman's briefs. —cont. pg. 37



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INTERLUDES

JOHN PRESTON

Michael and I were standing in the Mine-shaft. It was a quiet night. Snow was falling heavily and only those that Michael called "the committed" had bothered to make the trip to this sex palace, hidden deeply inside the meat packing district that's a no man's land between the Village and Chelsea.

When he walked in we didn't even pay attention to him. We didn't even acknowledge that we had noticed him; there was no need to. It went without saying that everyone would admire him.

He had crossed the room to the coat check. There he not only left his black leather jacket, he also took off his shirt and left his upper torso bare except for the stark leather harness that crisscrossed his chest and back. He got a beer at the bar and stood not far from us.

It's perfectly understandable to me that I thought he was unavailable. The body that stood in front of us was obviously the result of enormous effort: the muscles that rippled over his back and the biceps that bulged on his arms were no natural development, but were the result of years of work. After all that labor I just assumed that he would want to have an encounter with an equally devoted bodybuilder.

Michael wandered and I stayed in the bar sipping my own beer. The man didn't move. I studied him with cool detachment; I thought of him as a model. It was an easy and safe manner for me to judge him since I'm a sometime photographer. From that perspective he was possibly even more handsome than he had been as a gay male standing in a sex bar. I could sense the proportions he had built himself to, the extent to which he had carefully stayed just this side of the grotesque with his bulk.

What was impressive—beyond his artificially constructed musculature—was the texture of his skin. I could see it in the flattering red light he stood under. It was unblemished, unflawed, stretched tightly over his body as though he had just that night worked out to pump the brawn for public viewing.

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He wore a black handkerchief in his right pocket. I smiled and thought that the whole bunch of men there must have sighed with disappointment when they had seen that. It's seldom that a magazine image comes to life so totally in a gay bar. This was a man with whom they probably would have adored living out some fantasy.

The night was only beginning and I was only vaguely horny. I had decided to wait a few more minutes before I walked around, I'd have another beer. It was just about then that he turned and came up to talk to me.

I went through the well-rehearsed replies to his banter. He lived in New York; I was from Maine. We talked about occupations and social activities. We wondered if we knew mutual friends. All through this exchange I didn't realize that he was coming on to me.

I can't recall the exact moment when I understood. It was a shock; I do know that. I smiled at my own reactions. Here I was, supposedly some kind of seasoned pro in the world of gay sex, and I didn't even know the prize was mine for the asking.

My attitude changed only a bit. I tested his interest and he confirmed that I wasn't fooling myself. Soon he slipped easily into calling me "Sir." Each of the first times he used the title he would look me directly in the eye as though he needed to communicate a special intent with the word.

My hands explored his body. The muscles felt even better than they had looked. Each probe on my part was matched by some movement by him. We kissed. It was long, wet, lingering. I took the beer from his hands after we had set the roles clearly "My boots," I said. He dropped immediately to his knees, his arms went behind his back and his head onto the scrunched black leather. I could feel the pressure of his tongue against the worn surfaces.

It was meant to be a sudden and quick order of some severity. It was an examination—I had to gauge how much he meant all the small signals of submission that he had conveyed with words. His actions gave them meaning. He knelt willingly and obediently in front of an audience of anxious onlookers and calmly and compliantly accepted my wish.

I brought him back to his feet, I had no need to humiliate him further. Not now. I kissed him again. Grains of dirt from my boots were on his lips. When I broke the embrace he softly laid his head against my chest. "Thank you, Sir."

I interrogated his body further. I couldn't find a single point of resistance; there was no pain I could inflict that he would refuse willingly. There was no affection I could offer that he did not accept greedily.

We went to a corner of the bar. I pulled at him, punched at him, fingered him, gnawed him. He stayed with me. I would kiss him and pry open his mouth. His tongue rushed to greet mine. Then I took him to a table in the middle of the room and spread his body out in front of the crowd. I took my belt and beat his ass, his thighs, his back. He did not rebel.

I dragged him into the back room of the Mineshaft and ordered him to grab hold of a cross beam. There he waited. A crowd gathered and appreciated his beauty. I ran my hand up his side and into his armpit where I gathered the sweat of the strain, the fear, the excitement. He waited, knowing I would beat him more.

There was no part of him that was less than magnificent. His buttocks were as hard as his biceps; his chest was etched with fine lines of muscle. The men who crowded us couldn't help but try to touch him. Even while my belt thudded on his back their hands would reach out and worshipfully attempt to feel some part of him. They were awesomely silent. It was as though a new, precious icon had appeared in this house where men were venerated.

While I could understand their reverence and the respect their touch represented, it broke the finely tuned communication between us. He was not there—I could tell this—to gather their admiration. He had come to offer himself to a single man and he had chosen me. These others violated his act of submission.

"Let's go back to the front," I whispered in his ear as I pulled his arms down. I could feel the heat my belt had left on his ass and back and I could hear the troubled breathing that proved how much the leather had inflicted on him.

"Yes." He kissed me just a little.

People followed us from room to room hoping that the ritual this man and I were performing would be repeated. They stood and stared while we got beer and went back to our corner.

There are always attractive men at the Mineshaft, there are always gay men who have strained for years to create a body. But there was no one quite so perfect as he that evening. The onlookers thoughtlessly groped themselves as they spied on us.

We had left them behind. We had moved into a new passion. It isn't enough to say we kissed more; we did much more than that. We talked, our bodies intertwined and our mouths touching each other's constantly. My hands roamed wherever they pleased. If they ever indicated the slightest desire to explore someplace where it was difficult to maneuver, he would move to accommodate them.

He told me a great deal about himself. His work, his schooling, his sexuality were all described. He had—this was obvious—had a great deal of experience in SM. He had had a master once, years ago in another city. Now he was living with another man but their sex life was going, nearly ended. He was obviously very sad and lonely about it.

There are times when a man has such an obvious attribute that it must be commented on. To not notice is to be as ridiculous as it would be to pretend to ignore an infirmity in other people. I had to ask him about his physique. I am not uncomfortable with my body; I am hardly insecure in a gay bar where everyone's appearance is judged. But I wanted to know why he would give me his when I was clearly not a match.

He looked away for a little while. "I told you I had a master once. When it was over, when he wouldn't see me anymore, I realized how much I had felt inadequate. I decided that I should at least have a body to give a man who might come along in my life and claim me. There might be," he looked at me with that deep intent he had used when we first talked, "another master, and when he comes I want him to have something from me that he would not only desire, but take pride in."

He stepped back. He presented himself for visual inspection. He cocked his head, his clean-shaven face looked soft in the reddish light, the short hair gleamed, the skin of his chest was banded with the leather from his harness. "Do you like it, sir? Does it please you?"

"I like it very much." I drew him into my arms.

Just as we had challenged and matched one another physically, so did we now emotionally. I probed his mind and found a great loneliness. His lover's withdrawal was reminding him of too many other rejections.

We talked for hours. Occasionally the lust that flowed between us would take over and he would kneel to suck my cock or bend to feel my hand on his ass. Each time he would race back to my arms to thank me, to be comforted, to continue.

Once you go into someone's mind that way you learn the fine distinctions each individual has for what others might think of as universals. To that man his body meant something very particular, as did his leather and his willingness to be kissed.

Any two men can take any action and define it for themselves. Many men—perhaps hundreds—watched the two of us that night. Many men thought they saw a master and a slave. They wouldn't see the layers of interaction.

When I had explored his needs and fantasies I had the choice of leaving them alone or of picking them up and embracing them. I could have insisted that we return to the level of anonymous sex partners; I'm sure he would have gone along with that demand. I could have turned away when I discovered his loneliness. I didn't have to accept that discovery; I hadn't offered to find that by being in a sex palace. But that wasn't the way it worked.

We slipped out of our leather fantasy and entered a new one that had such intensity for him it couldn't be taken for a game.

He dropped "Sir"; he began to call me 'Daddy.' He would slide in and out of the dream world, one moment talking about his day-to-day life and the next laying his head against my body to ask for acceptance, even healing.

It was inside me to find the strength to match his need. He was joyous. His lustful kisses became little pecks of gratitude.

His talk and his actions lured me into his world. Men have given me their bodies before and I have certainly taken pride in them. I have contracted whole dreams with some men. But I couldn't quite remember anything as complete and credible as this man's. I became, in my mind that night, his father. I draped a proud arm around his shoulders. When I finally tucked him I did it with an incestuous passion.

It was very, very late. Michael was standing nearby, obviously waiting to drive me back to our hotel. I had to leave. The boy and I exchanged names and addresses. He promised to visit me soon. At the last moment I tore up the slip of paper he had given me. "No, it's up to you to contact me."

He didn't write for months.

I was surprised. More than that I was disappointed. The source of my disappointment was myself, not him. When sex takes place in the realm of intense fantasy, either partner has the right to leave it there and not return. It may well be the sign of great wisdom to do so. But the exciting times are those when the fantasy and the reality merge to some extent and when they are able to inform one another—when the sex isn't isolated it can effect the rest of experience.

I tried to explain this to Michael, but he didn't understand the extent to which it mattered to me. He had only seen me beating a man in the Mineshaft.

Finally the man wrote. It was a tenderly tentative letter. The months that had passed had included a period of no return with the lover who had left him—there would be no reconciliation. In his loneliness he wanted to visit me. "It's too much to ask, I understand." But he also reproduced sensations from that night. "I have not forgotten your face or cock or the force with which you drove my mind into a dripping cave." And the emo-

tions: "I need a Daddy who can caress his boy and tell him everything will be all right."

There were letters and phone calls. Arrangements had to be made and time had to be secured. When it was finally settled and I stood at the airport and waited for the arrival of his flight, I was in a state of great anticipation.

I watched him walk off the plane and onto the pathway to the terminal. He couldn't have seen me in my perch on the walkway above him. I followed as he walked into the lobby and stood looking around the reception area. I went up to him and could see the look of question on his face. It had been months; he was unsure of himself. I could imagine his doubts about being there. It must have been difficult, I thought, for a young man to admit such great need that he would turn to someone he had met once, tucked with once, and that only in a sex bar. Great need or great belief in that night.

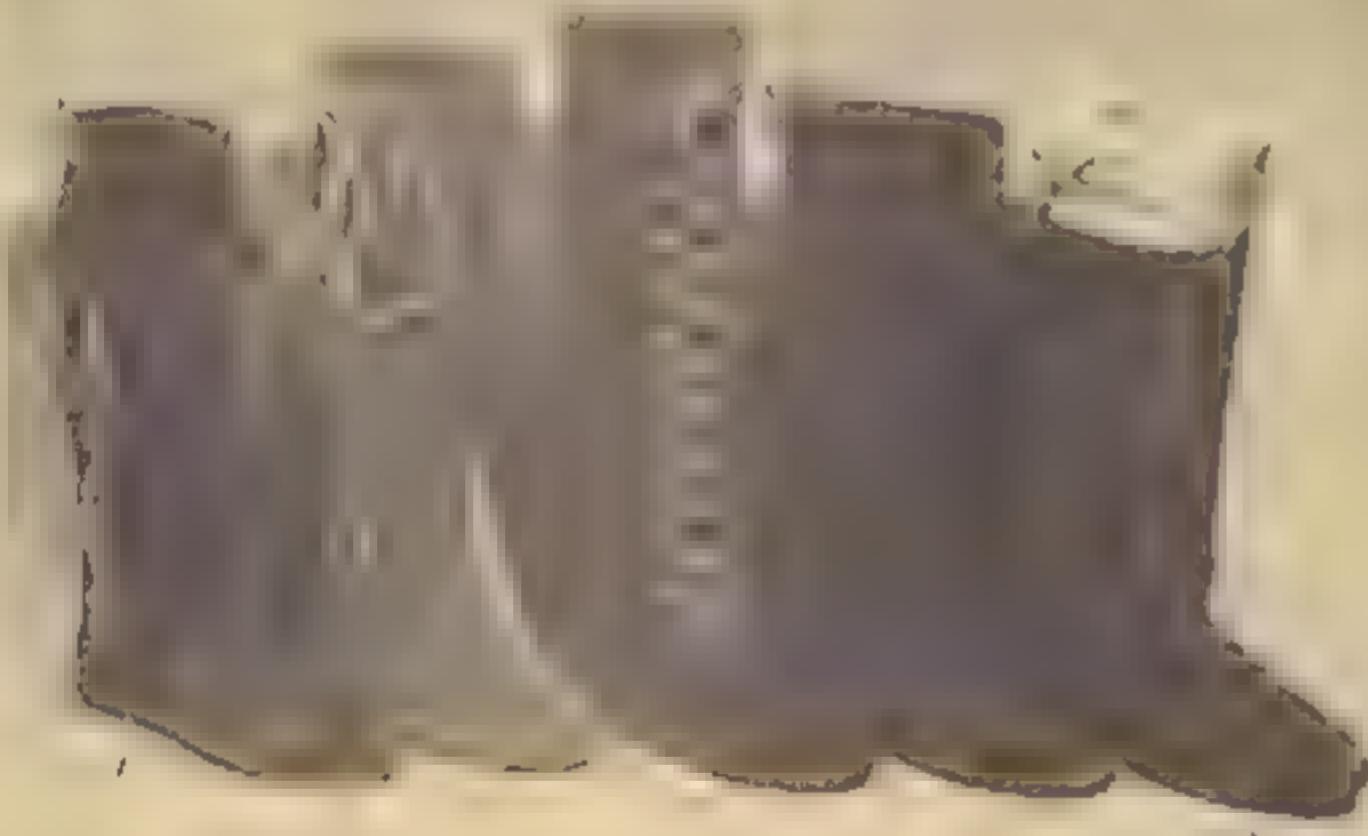
We carried his bags to the borrowed car and I took him to my apartment. In my dreams I had used his body in violent ways, taking it always to the sexual extremes I had forced at the Mineshaft. But the uncertainty he exhibited was too gentle to be assaulted. We talked easily as I drove, and when we arrived we sat at the table and drank a beer as he told me about the last few months of his life.

Much of his identity had been tied up with the lover who had gone. He felt anchorless and, more, he felt unappreciated. Conversation wasn't going to be enough to reassure him.

He wanted to shower. Of course, I said, and took him to the bathroom. The stall has opaque glass doors. I took a seat in the next room from which I could look directly at the shower. He stripped, glancing at me occasionally. We chatted. I smoked a cigarette while he climbed in and turned on the water. The slight, nubile vision of his body was erotic. The glass soon was steamy from the hot water and the outlines of his physique were blurred. The bulk of his muscles was still evident, the curve and the mass of his buttocks were all the more sensual by their ability to be seen in such an unclear view.

He turned off the water and climbed from the stall, and

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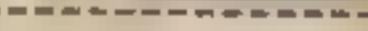
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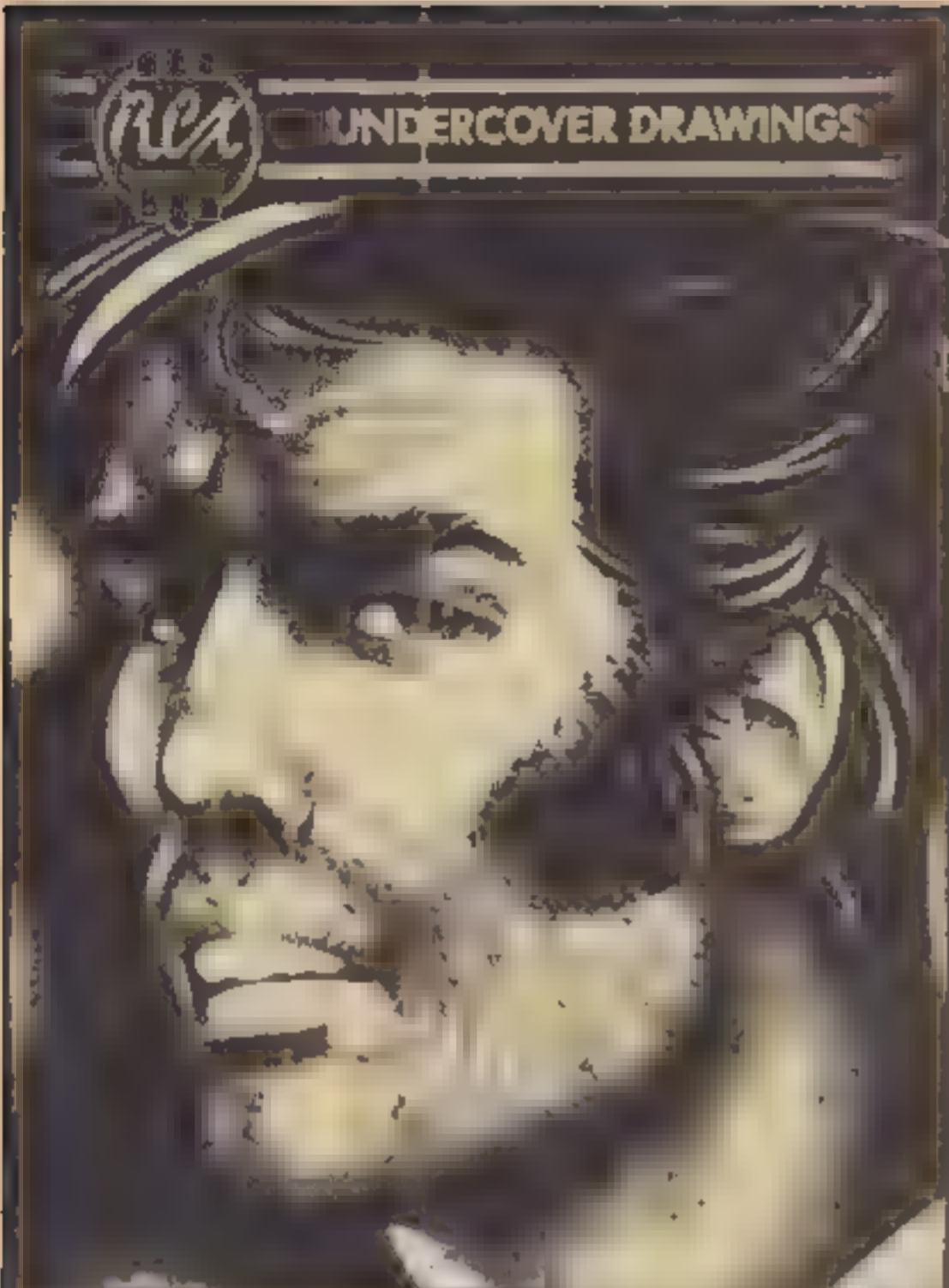
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—from page 29

"Why don't you hose down the cop's back?" Pa said. "Your piss might kinda sting those cuts you put on 'im with that switch, and it's sure as hell gonna attract a lot of bugs—but that's the cop's problem, ain't it?"

Jesse gave a chuckle and then carried out his father's instructions. He stood a safe distance behind the cop before splashing a hard stream of yellow fluid up and down the policeman's bloody back. The policeman, too deeply in shock by now to react to any further torments, didn't protest this final indignity. He didn't even protest when Duane pried open his mouth and stuffed his drippy underwear into it.

"Guess that'll do it," Pa said, walking back to the pickup truck. "Someone'll find you tomorrow, cop, so just keep huggin' that there tombstone."

"And keep hopin' none of them night-crawlers get up your ass," Duane added.

I watched the three men climb into the truck and back it out of the cemetery, laughing and drinking more beer. I then watched this truck make a turn before heading down the narrow road which led in the direction of Garveyville. When the rumble of its engine had safely faded away in the distance, I rose from my hiding place and climbed over the cemetery fence. The policeman didn't notice my approach because, as I soon discovered, he'd lapsed into unconsciousness. Working quickly, I pulled the gag from his mouth. Then, using a key which I found in the pocket of his discarded trousers, I unlocked his handcuffs.

"Who... who is it?" the dazed policeman muttered as I began to haul him to his feet.

"Don't worry," I said, slipping one arm around his waist. "I'm a friend."

Half leading, half carrying, I managed to move the cop away from that pile of evil-smelling shit. Then I guided him through a gate in the fence, all the while keeping one arm wrapped securely around his middle. It felt strange to be pressed so closely to a naked policeman—especially one as big and strong as this one—but I tried to keep from showing any nervousness.

"Better get you cleaned up a little," I told the cop as I led him into the quiet waters of the nearby pond. When the waters reached the tops of his legs, I brought the cop to a halt. Then I splashed some water onto his ass and began to wash him off as best I could.

The cop winced as the water hit his torn sphincter, but he offered no words of protest. Instead, he just stood there like an obedient child while I proceeded to clean out the crack between his buttocks.

"Wait here while I get your clothes," I said, after leading him out of the pond. "Then I'll take you over to my trailer. You'll be safe there till morning."

The cop, apparently still in a state of shock, made no response. Neither did he offer any resistance when I finally began to walk him along the moonlit path which led back to my trailer.

Shortly past the half-way point, however, the cop suddenly stopped and made a choking sound, as if he were about to throw up. Then he turned and leaned down on a large, rounded rock which lay by the side of the path.

"Are you all right?" I inquired, hurrying over to him.

The cop remained silent for a moment. Then, in a husky voice, he asked: "Did you see what they did to me?"

"N-n-not all of it," I stammered, reluctant to tell the cop how I'd witnessed every detail of his humiliation.

"They raped me!" he blurted out. "They whipped me with a switch and then they raped me! All three of 'em. They took turns sticking their dirty cocks up my ass and... and..."

"Don't worry," I said, placing my hand awkwardly on the cop's arm. "You can't be blamed for anything that happened."

"And they made me... they made me shit on my partner's gravel!" he continued. "They made me shit right on top of his face!"

The cop now burst into tears, causing his whole body to shake with the force of his sobs. Fortunately, there was no one else to hear him except me, and I decided the best thing to do, under the circumstances, was to let him cry away all his pain and anger.

and frustration

"It's all right," I murmured consolingly, putting my arm around the naked cop. "Everything's gonna work out, you'll see. I'll take care of you tonight, and in the morning I'll go get help. I promise."

The cop half-turned to me and pressed his face into my shoulder. He continued to cry in this position for a few minutes and I continued to hold him, feeling the warmth of his body flowing into mine.

Finally, he pulled away from me, and then we silently resumed our walk along the narrow dirt path which headed toward my trailer. Occasionally I'd glance over to see how he was doing and each time he seemed a bit calmer than he'd been before.

I took comfort in this. I also took a kind of guilty pleasure in looking over at the cop's bare body—a body which I longed to caress but which I knew would forever be off-limits to me. Still, as we approached my trailer, I knew that the secrets we now shared bound us together more tightly than any embrace ever could.

"Nothing can hurt you here," I finally said, opening the door to my trailer. Then I led the cop inside, sat him down on my bed, and began to treat his wounds. □



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Getting Rid of Tim

by
TONY
DeROSA

August 1

Last night I decided to move to New Orleans in the spring. My writing career with Z. has resulted in the end of our friendship, and my two (or is it three?) year affair with Tim is over—all but the sex. We've ended it six times lately in as many weeks, all at his instigation. But he changes his mind next day each time.

The latest split was caused by the kind of sex we have. Tim likes to drink my piss, lots of it, and I learned long ago that he likes my shit too. I started him off with a melted Hershey bar smeared around my cheeks, but within nights he wanted the real thing. When he gets drunk enough now he'll take it in his mouth, and all I have to do is pretend I'm about to drop a load when he's rimming me, and he'll come.

But the other night, when I thought I'd please him by leaving my ass dirty, he reacted differently than I expected, and I fucked him instead. Then he said it was wrong what we do, even though he admits that nothing turns him on as much, and that evening we broke off again. I felt ridiculous.

Next day things were different. What does it matter, he told me, what others think? (His friends are down on our relationship, believing that I lead him into things he'd never do by himself.) Tim admitted that he loves our kind of sex, and he can see no reason for not doing it if it gives us both pleasure. I'm not bothered by other people's considerations on the subject. I got into it years ago with my first lover, a man who had shit all over his house, and any questions I might have had about it were erased then.

Now we're back together again, although I insist it's not to be as lovers. We're both too possessive for that.

August 3

I watched two men pissing in the alley tonight. I was sitting on the back stoop, hidden by the fig tree. Although they couldn't see me without close inspection, one of the men, when he finished, strolled over to the parking spaces and seemed to sense that I was there. When he walked back to his friend I went inside and locked the door.

August 5

Tim came by drunk last night, with a six-pack for me and a hunger for the toilet. He brought a half pint of Jim Beam for himself.

I stripped down to my jockstrap and put my boots back on.



Then I sat so he could play with me while we both got sloshed. After a few beers I went and got the enema bag, and I pissed in that. Later, when it was full, I told Tim to put it up my ass, but I made him rim me first for lubrication, then suck on the nozzle while I let some piss go through. Tim was so horny he would have settled for drinking it all that way, but I had something better in mind and made him guide that piss up inside me. When he was done he sucked the nozzle clean, then lapped up the dribbles with his tongue. Then I told him to wait, and have another drink. I wanted the enema to work.

Tim returned with our drinks, then got to his knees before my chair and waited, kissing my cock. He was getting very drunk, how I wanted him to be. When it was time I made him lie down then I squatted over his face and played with his nipples.

I gave Tim some poppers, then told him to rim me, and that whenever I felt like it I was going to give him some of my piss to drink, along with whatever else was up there. To show him, when his tongue spread that part of me he loved best, I let out a narrow stream. But the tucker was so worked up that he came, shot clear across the room. I was so pissed that I let go in his face, and came myself that way.

August 10

A car slowly passed me in the alley as I was leaving the Black Cat tonight. The man driving was bare-chested and good looking—the car interior was lit. When I went back he was parked down the alley, car door open, lights still on. When I reached him I saw that he had his pants down. "Walk down the alley," he said, "where it's more deserted." I did, and he followed slowly in the car.

He drove alongside me for a while, then we stopped. He didn't make a move so I leaned in to go down on him, but that wasn't what he wanted. I stood up again and took my cock out. I was still soft and I played with myself, trying to turn on to the danger, and after a while, thinking about the police and the car lights being on, I got hard. I pulled my balls out through the fly too, and this excited him because he jumped out of the car and began jerking off while he watched me. He came immediately, then took off, leaving me there with my load.

August 11

All over with Tim again—I hope—although he still comes by for sex. When his other friends don't call him to go out, he calls

me. We go to the Black Cat, a bar he likes, get drunk and play pool, argue, then come back to my place and argue more, until it's time to come. After sex, he goes home

August 12

Ran into Carl at the Black Cat last night, went home with him after deciding there'd be no strings. He likes fisting, and he likes pain, but we just had ordinary sex. While we were lying there after waiting to sleep, he started talking about pain, and I asked him if he'd let me hurt him. He'd given me his balls in the past, but last night he said no.

But while I was asking, and while he was refusing, I grew hard again. Suddenly I wanted to get into a scene with him, and in a reasonable way take out some of my anger with Tim. Today it was so hot and oppressive that I almost punched out an old man behind me in line at the market, whose shopping cart kept bumping my leg.

August 14

Tim and I are back together again. He can't keep my asshole out of his mind, and I like a good pig. I made him whimper like a dog and crawl across the whole apartment tonight to clean my ass.

September 15

Wrong—off again, this time for good. I returned from three weeks in New York to find that Tim had taken another lover. He didn't have the balls to meet me at the airport—something we always do for each other—but sent my friend Bill instead, to give me the news. Tim is aware of the effects he creates. When I got home around midnight and called him, he pretended to have been asleep, but I learned later that he was with his friend.

I felt loss, as Tim had planned, so next day, without unpacking, I flew to San Francisco for a week. Bill told me later that Tim seemed disappointed that he'd have to wait a week to gloat. In San Francisco I watched a man masturbate on stage. I enjoyed watching that, although it was over too soon. Everyone in the small audience was so ugly, so I guess the fellow just popped as soon as he could and got out of there. It was a shabby theatre behind a porno store in the Tenderloin. Cost me more than it should have, but it was squalid.

I showed a brown handkerchief South of Market and met a couple of men. One was a real pig and ate my slop from a bedpan. The other one was more into the look of things. I got my ass thickly coated for him, by shitting a load standing with my legs close. I then stood over him and smeared his face.

September 20

I've been avoiding the bars Tim goes to, but he calls me every day. "You sound so happy on the phone until you learn it's me," he said. "I'm not happy it's over, but I'm not sad either. Tim doesn't know why he can't see his new friend and me too, but I refuse. I know his friend doesn't give Tim the kind of sex he craves, and Tim never bothered to find it anywhere else. I was the one who brought him out, and the one he came to whenever he was hungry."

September 22

Went into town last night, Saturday, and while I was standing alone getting drunk a man came over and introduced himself. He was good looking, with a shaved head and a goatee, and he wore black leather chaps and a jacket. "I just want you to know," he said, "that I'm usually on top—but for you, Sir, I'd be the bottom." A likely story, but I played along with it, and I let him buy me a beer.

I don't mind an obedient person when I'm having sex, but constantly having to give someone permission to blow his nose or buy me a beer, or take a turn at the pinball machine can get to be a drag. When this fellow said he had to piss—and may he?—I said sure, go ahead and piss. But I stopped him when he bowed to go to the restroom. "No," I said, "stay here."

"Here, Sir?"

"Here."

He closed his eyes and pissed his Levis, turning them the color of his chaps. Of course everyone around us noticed. We left soon after that, but not until I had him change his keys from his left side to the right.

Later, in bed, after he had massaged me and cleaned my nose and ears with his tongue, he said—referring to earlier, in the bar—"I want you to know, Sir, that nobody has ever humiliated me like that before. Sir, in front of all my friends. Thank you, Sir."

September 30

Tim was waiting for me when I got home after dinner this evening, in his car in my parking space. Of course I let him in.

He told me immediately that although he was now in love with Daniel he was still in love with me too, and thought of me constantly, and reached over to caress my cock through my Levis. Why can't we still give each other the kind of sex we like, he wondered, and he dropped to his knees and reached up behind me to touch my ass.

I had a load—it hadn't been easy to find other pigs—but I knew that to give in would be to start the whole ugly relationship again. Still, I got hard when he groveled and begged me just to let him kiss my asshole. By then he had my pants down around my knees, and my cock was hard enough to hammer nails. Who wouldn't be hot, with a cocksucker like that licking around his crotch? We got undressed, then went into the bathroom, where I tied Tim spread-eagle to the floor. Then I sat on the tub and finished my beer, just watching him.

When I was done I squatted over his face and placed my asshole against his lips. "You don't know how I dream of your smell, baby," he said, and he started to rim me, but I stopped him. "Blow some air up there," I told him, "you know how."

When he did, and I felt the air bubbles in my gut, I moved so I could push my cock down his throat and, still squatting, I maneuvered my asshole to the tip of his nose. I sat down on it, and farted. Tim moaned, then I eased up and farted the rest in his face. He moaned again and tapped it up like it had substance. I stood and reached behind me and let go of a handful, then smeared Tim's face with it, his lips, his teeth, his hair. He didn't protest—that's what the pig wanted. Then I got a pair of jockey shorts from the dirty clothes and pulled them on, and set Tim free so we could have a cigarette. I wanted to watch my shit drying on his face.

I sat on the toilet, on the porcelain rim, legs spread apart, ass jutting out. Tim kissed my bulge through the shorts, and I let out half my load. I'd noticed earlier that it was soft, so it stained immediately and began to ooze out from the elastic around my legs. I let Tim use the poppers, then I buried his face in my lap, and used it to smear the muck around through my shorts. Tim pulled my cock out through the fly—it looked like a big turd—and began to go down on it. When I got close to coming I pushed him away to a kneeling position, then stood up before him.

My shorts were full, just like a baby's. When I finished filling them they sagged. Tim was kneeling, his face full of shit, waiting. I drew off my shorts and held them out to show him, then I pulled them over his head.

That's when I slapped him—I couldn't stop. I slapped him half a dozen times through the shorts, then I peeled them off and slapped him again. He didn't know what was going on. I hustled him to his feet and pushed him through the apartment and out the back door, into the parking lot. It was late by then, and no one was out. Tim was bewildered—it had happened so fast. He stood naked and filthy, staring at me. I scooped up his clothes and threw them out after him, then I double-locked the door and went to clean up the mess.

October 10

Rented a PO box today and sent off an ad to Drummer. "Intelligent pigs wanted—your ws/scat fantasies are mine." I also joined a private circulation newsletter, with listings from all over the country. That ad. "I want to shit and piss in your mouth." My new name is Tom. □



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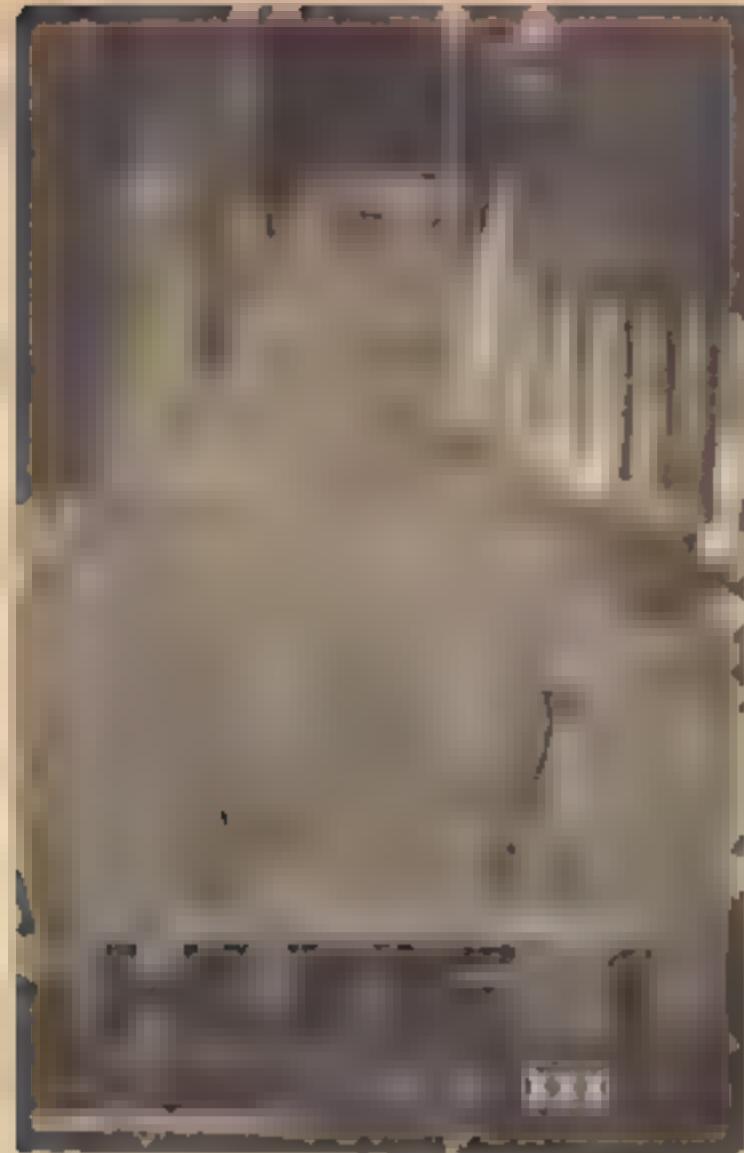
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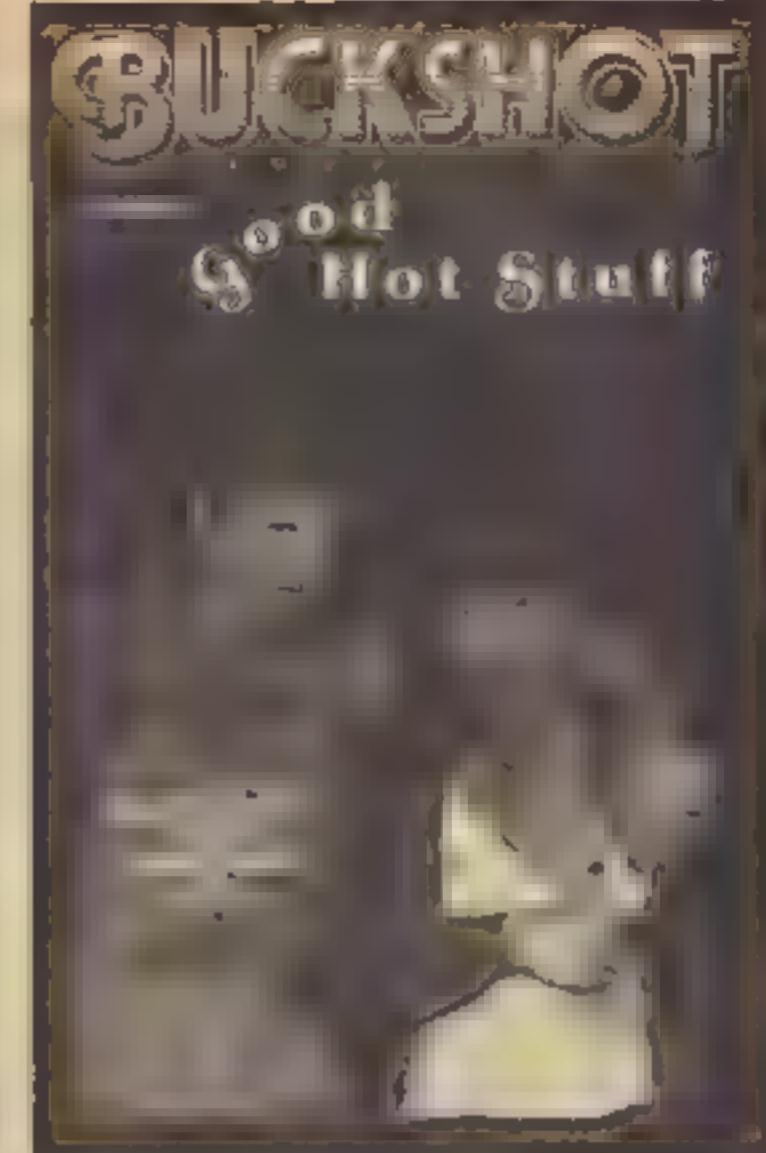
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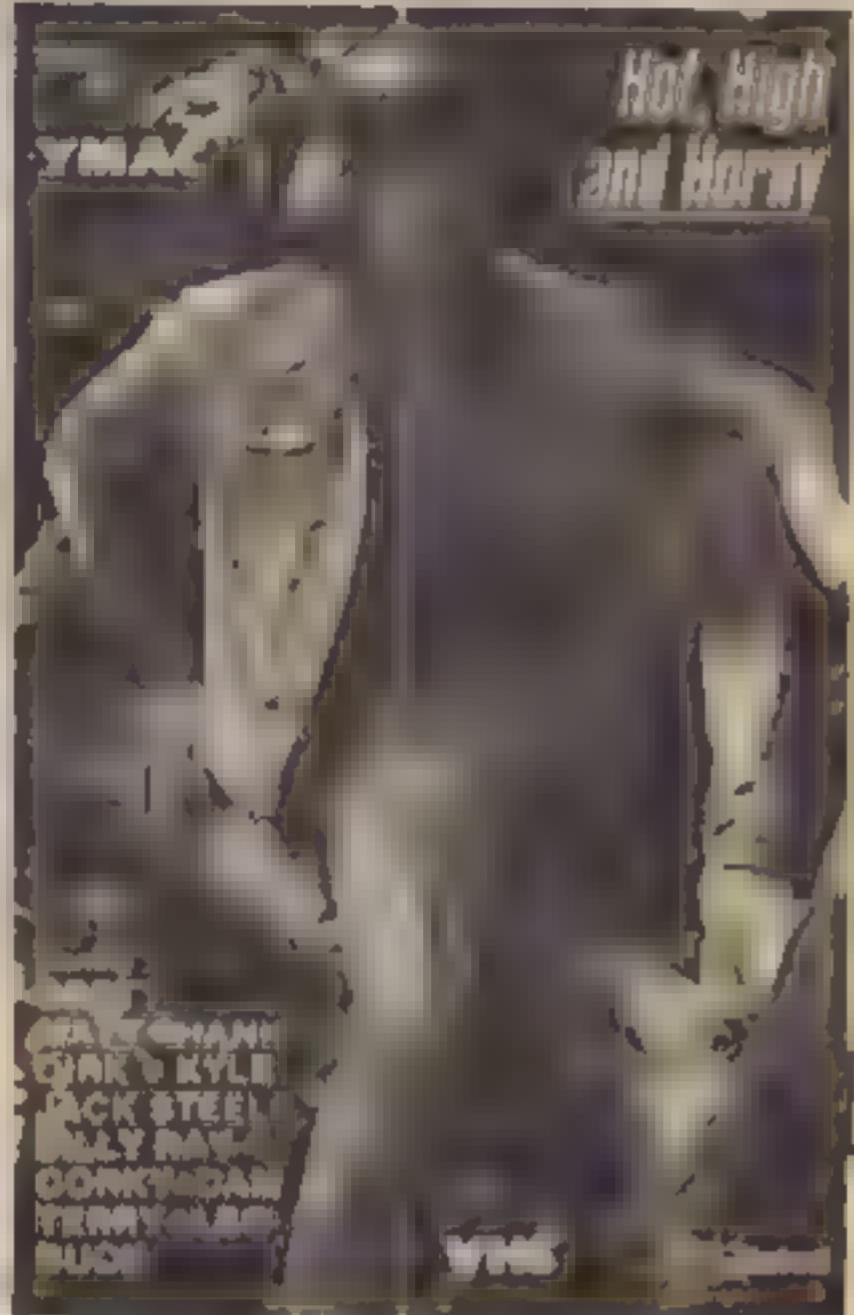
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Dear Larry,

This is in response to the letter you published from the "female friend" who wants to be accepted in our leather bars. I want to thank you for bringing the problem to light. Before we say yes or no to any question, we have to look at all its angles. Why are we (guys) gathering in leather bars and other places? Oh, yeah man, because we love leather . . . the smell of it, the feel of it, the look . . . hot muscles, sweat, etc. We are fetishists! But are we really all gays? I am a bisexual, preferring men, but every once in a while there is a woman . . . This friend of ours is looking for hot leather SM action. Why shouldn't she go find it where it is? We might say no. Then, again, should all gay guys who are walking in and out of leatherbars be there? Hell, no! I think many are just wearing leather to get the hot flesh that is inside, not because leather SM means anything to them. It is all a matter of degree of feeling for leather, the leather scene, etc. I think she should be allowed to go.

Svein, Norway

Thanks, Svein. Now, here's another point of view.

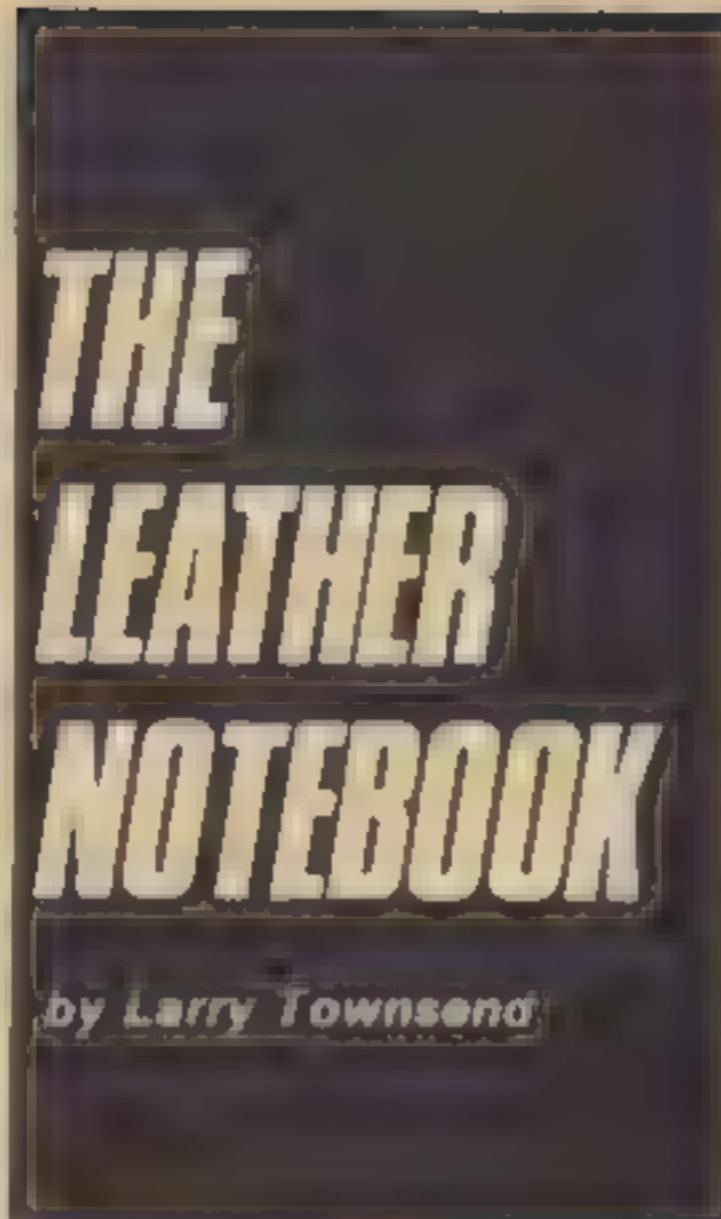
Dear Larry and Drummer,

No shit! Now the straights have invaded our scene! I am referring to that woman who is trying to get deeper into the Gay Leather SM scene. Can't these people ever do something on their own? Do they have to invade our restaurants, our bars, our discos and clubs and now even our leather magazines and leather scene? Believe me, I have a mother and two sisters and I don't dislike women, but they are pushing us enough. Look at the SF Gay Parade—all run by dykes. And not even leather dykes! No, I must vote against this woman who wants to invade the sanctity of male leather SM. I surely wouldn't expect to be welcome at a lesbian orgy scene. I will not call this woman sick, but it's bad enough that women are allowed into leather bars, anyway I don't like it. I don't feel comfortable doing my thing with women around in leather or whatever they are wearing. I am not insecure, but this is supposed to be a man's world, and I don't want any women invading the last sanctuary I have. I'd just as soon not associate with any "leathermen" who bring their girl friends into leather bars. Christ, can't we have any privacy anymore? I'm mad as hell!

A Dedicated, Intense, Leather/SM Man

Dear Dedicated,

There were several others who agreed with you, but I used your letter because you seemed to sum up their feelings more succinctly. I want to conclude this discussion with a letter from a guy who knows her, simply to give all sides a chance to express themselves. I don't think we'll ever find a universally acceptable answer,



because the battle lines are too firmly drawn

Dear Larry,

This is in reply to the letter from the "mysterious" SM female who's been given the key to a few of our hearts (via some of our minds and assholes)! I can say for the most part that wherever I've gone with this woman, she's made me feel as though she's as much a part of the crowd around me as any active gay male. I can positively say that she has done as much with me, and the others she mentioned, as any guy. I think if ever you had the opportunity to enjoy her presence for an evening, it would most likely change any negative feelings you had about her. I really wish her luck and love along the way. I just had to let her know she has my vote.

Bob, Boston

Dear Bob,

I'm going to let it rest here. I think the various arguments have been well expressed. As I've noted before, times are changing—whether for the better or not is going to depend upon your point of view.

Dear Larry,

I have been a regular reader of Drummer since Issue One. I've also been into SM for a long time. Now, there are just two things I want to know: I am not in the Dark Ages, but I guess I just never ran into this before. Is it a myth that people are into scat . . . and diapers? Someone even told me there is a hanky code for these! I didn't know what to say, or just sit back and laugh. I guess I just looked puzzled.

R, NYC

Dear R,

Yes indeed, there are those who are into scat, although I think the active participation may be somewhat less at present, due to AIDS. The hanky color, logically enough, is brown. Of course, this is not unique either to the gay scene or even to our contemporary period in history. The better bordellos of France, since time immemorial, have offered the services of whores who would shit on their clients. As to the diapers, this is a smaller group, and from my own observations they seem to be more into piss. I've also observed (mostly from correspondence with guys who are into it), that the diaper users are often loners; i.e., they put on their own diapers, etc. There are a few Masters who like to put them on their M's, then force them to go for extended periods without benefit of a toilet, thus forcing them to wet the cloth. It is not a popular hanky code, but the proper signal of interest in this area is a diaper (or piece of same) sticking out of the appropriate pocket: left for Top, right for bottom—literally! (See "Tough Shit" In Drummer 69.)

Dear Larry,

I don't know that this is really a "leather question," but it concerns us as much as anyone else. When you visit out of town, and stay with someone, would you offer any "rules of thumb" about how much the guest is expected to pay—for dinners out, bar tabs, house gifts, etc.?

J.R., St. Louis

Dear J.R.,

I think this will vary greatly with the circumstances, and with the relative affluence of the two parties. Assuming a relatively equal financial basis, I've found it best to assume the attitude (as a guest) that I do everything I can not to pose a financial burden on my host. In other words, if I cause him to go someplace where he would not normally go (and spend the money) I try to pick up the tab. However, when I'm host and I know my traveler/guest is just barely able to stretch his budget to make the trip, I either steer him to less expensive places, or insist on making it "my treat." I've also found, however, that there are times when the visitor wants to express his appreciation by picking up the tab, and if so I let him do it. If you're friends, as you should be in a host-visitor situation, there is no reason not to discuss finances. This will often clear the air and eliminate the problem before it occurs.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Drummer. If you wish a private response, include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.)

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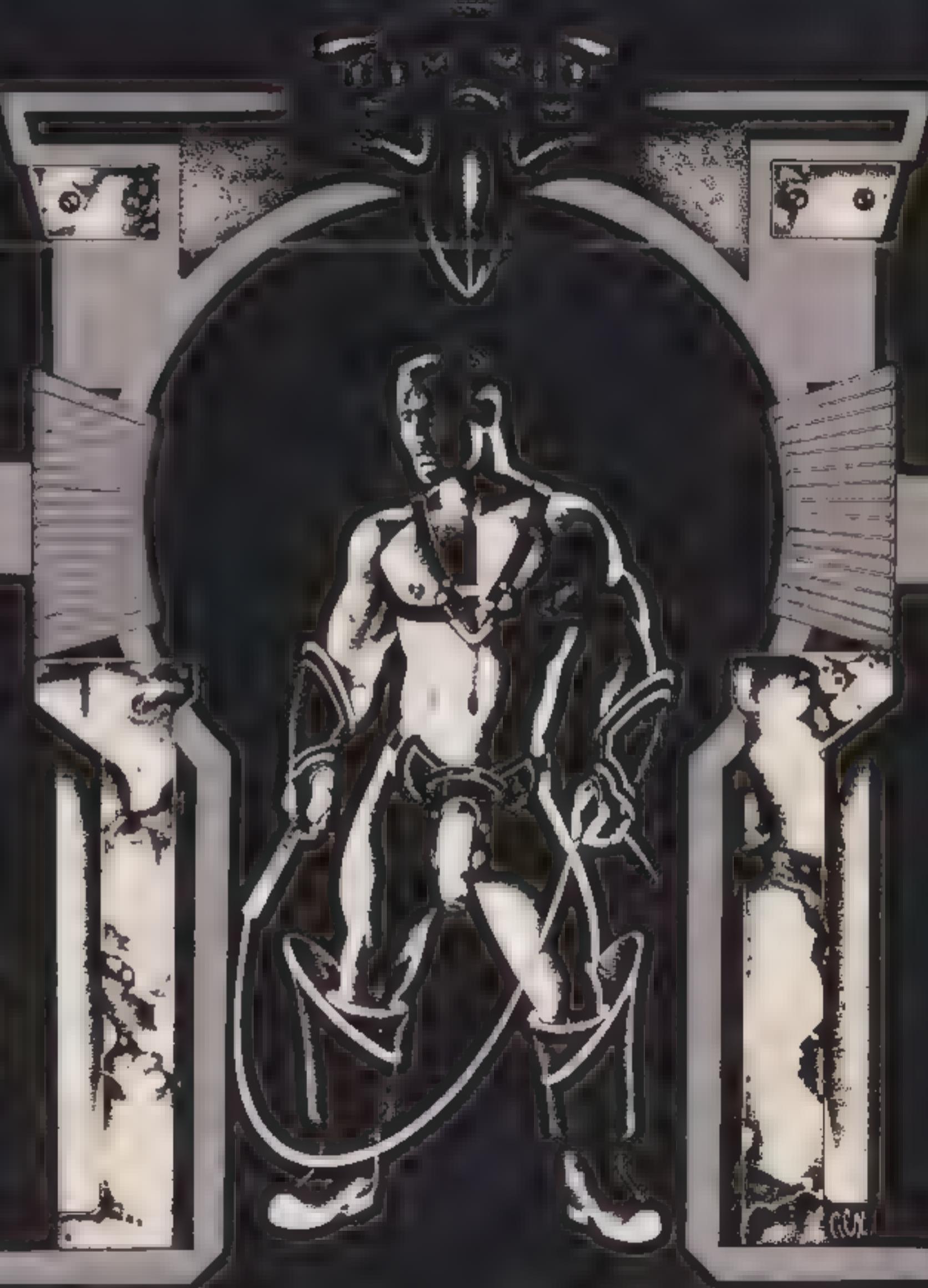
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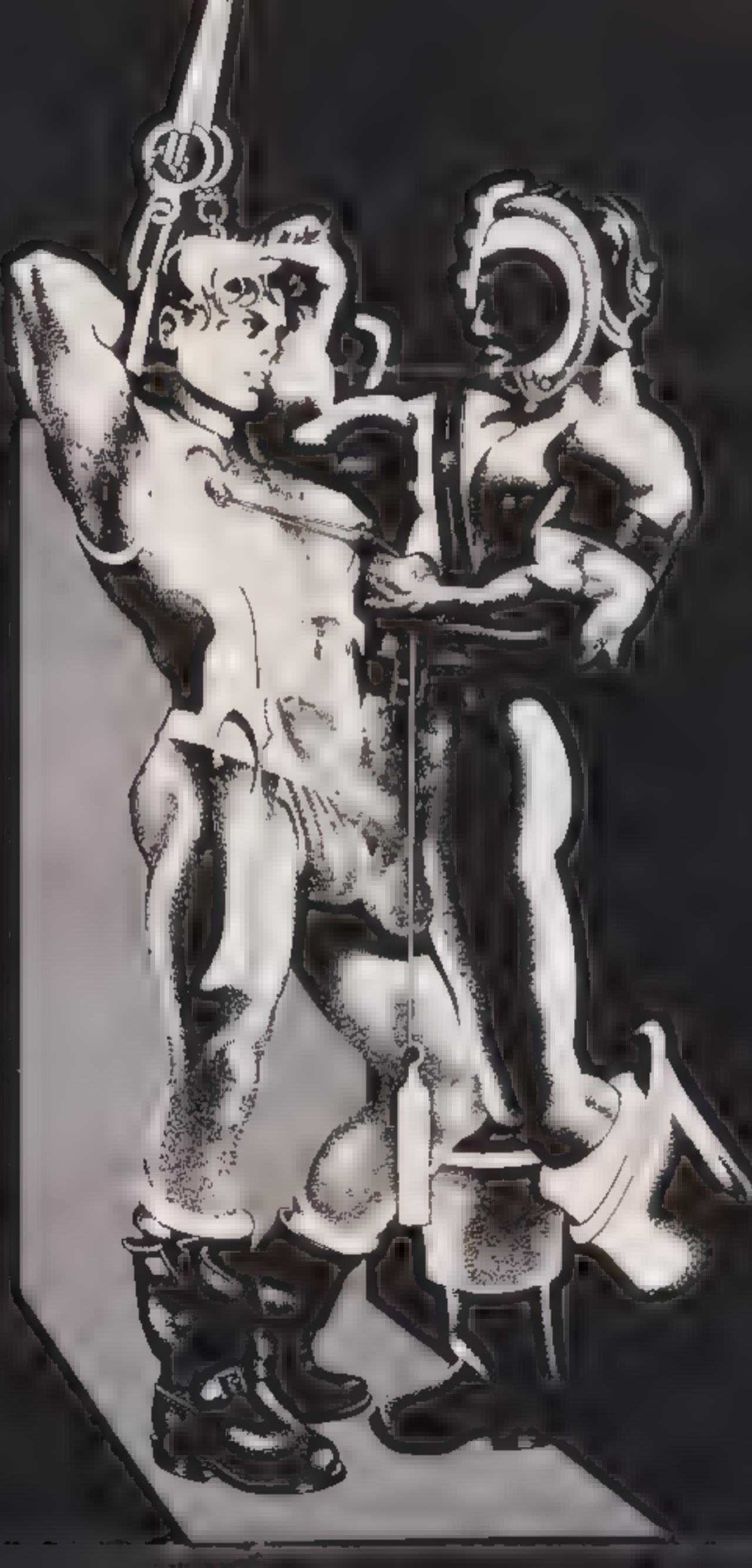
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REX CALENDAR





January 1984

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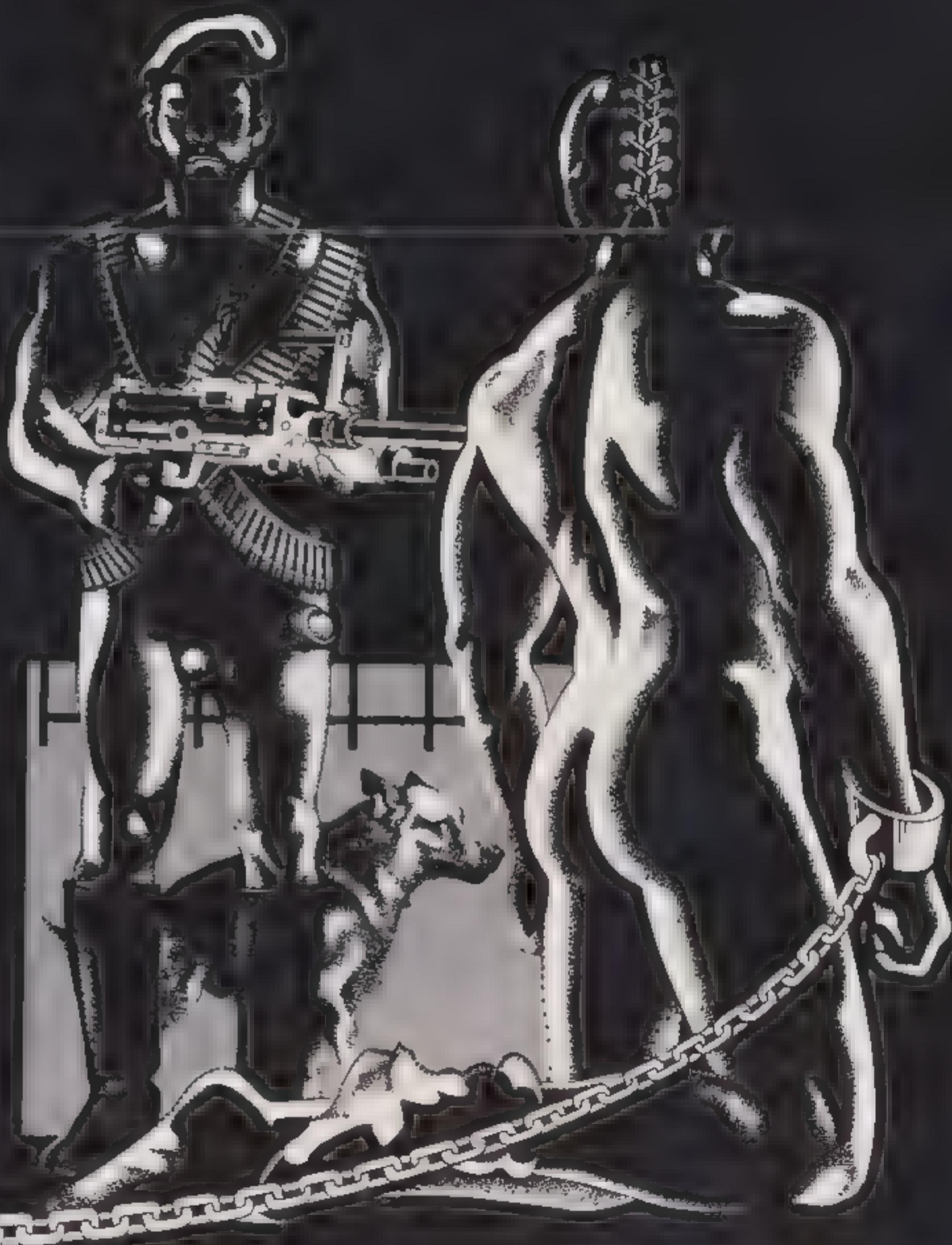
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my kind. We're making me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things of course. Hurry up. There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me WM 40 5'11" 175. You I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441

REBELLION
Dutch German-American, 32 6'2" 170 lbs. blue eyes, blonde hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, stock straps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST Apt #2 437 29th St. SF CA 94131

THREEWAYS
Two horny leather-men seek third for hot threeway action. Jake, exclusive top w/ big dick. Dan very versatile & a good bottom. Rep w/ photo to Jake & Dan 584 Castro #248 SF CA 94114

HOT & F COUPLE
Seeking buddies, 1 or more, for mutual enjoyment in expanding our experience in fucking, oral S&M B&D, WS, toys & does, no avoids playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

TALL MELLOW TOP
Wants an easy going, independent, buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER
Buddy! I'd like to spit and suck for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1636

S M ART GALLERY
Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested parties, S, Sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work suggestions and feedback to Box 3772

2 BH STUDS 4 HOT JADS
2 9's N2 most scenes. No hys, S&M scat. Moustache. LL. VA. B&D. TOYS R A+ S Bay area. We R hot - Let's do it! B' Box 1144

W M 40 WITH BEARD
Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interesting. C B T/T FF. All nude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 310F

FACESTITERS MASTERS
German ur na-pig. 31/6'1" 180 lbs wants to make his fantasies real w/ a real SF TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night. S R. Also available for Private Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master S R. Please send me the date. I will come to SF S R. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER
San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure w/ pain. Sale (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role" - I am sadistic dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE
Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage, lace-sitting, raunchy, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your turn, your way. Travel. Am 41 5'11" 150W. Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P O Box 5906 SF CA 94101

ROPES
Hot, horny we, put-together libian, 35. 5'8" 135 lbs. I cut has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage

trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a good-looking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes. 795 Buena Vista West #4 San Francisco, CA 94117

FLEXING AND SHOWING
Off your muscles in bondage while another bodybuilder teases and sensually torments you until you come again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P O Box 5401 Oakland, CA 94605

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT
Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix between you and I, the romantic notion of the struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help and think that you might want to please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discreet. Steve, P O Box 22036 San Francisco, CA 94122

HOT COCK
I'm 32, 150W, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/ br hair, must & beard, bl ring & tattoo, usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF, tops, cigars, and leather. You are either GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/ both new & old scenes for max pleasure. No blood or JV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Bylord 495 E 10th #2892 SF CA 94102

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER
W SLAVE-DOG
Wants 3rd and/or 4th. I am a (G) L. masculine Master (37). I own a Bully Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands. leather boots, man-crotch & man. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master/buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/s our slave pussy. Other Masters invited - other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/ photo will merit this experience. Box 1615

SOUTH BAY AREA
Wh male 27 6' 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B-D V/A, boots, gloves, pol. uniforms, hoods and igh to moderate S-M. Serious training needed. If possible send photo. Box 3711

I'M LOOKING
For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil-sweat-kink-chains. 5'9" 175. 45. Phone (415) 944-9984

33, WHITE MALE, 180
Seeks life as dog w/ leathered master, owner into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be caged, mind controlled, kennelled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human. Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. Kai c/o 540 - D Farrell 306 SF CA 94102 (415) 775-9120. Relocatable

MASTER SEEKS
Slave for military training POW S&M B&D FF WS pic & ph. no. Boxholder 51786 San Jose CA 95151

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL
W M. 31 5'8" 130 good-looking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 16-40 into fucking, sucking, licking, piss J/O

spit, armpits. Onsco hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jack straps, wet briefs, light faded Levi 501's ass-play, torn underwear, Levi, leather, sweat fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top, tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/ photo if possible. BOX 450 220 NINTH ST S F CA 94103. Yeah! Hot fun!

HOT GOLDEN W/M
26 wants a hot man to spread his cheeks & sit on my long wet tongue. Greg (415) 673-9261

TRADING
Balding big dicked Daddy 6'2" 35 w/ 11 lake on hot boys 18-30 years old, who need basic instruction or I'm stretched. TT CBT BD FF WS shaving and/or just taking a big one. Lots of affection, too. If you're a good boy. Apply w/letter & photo, now, to Jake 584 Castro #246 SF CA 94114

JIM WIGLER
DRUMMER STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER
WILL PHOTOGRAPH YOUR LEATHER, UNIFORM FANTASY
673-1284

BLOODY WANTED
A M. 21 185 lbs brown hair, grey beard, blue eyes, likes CBT TT whips, FF bondage. If you're interested in a sincere, buddy/friendship w/ a good-looking bottom, top, go for it! Attitude & willingness to experiment more important than looks a lot. No

VERSATILE WRITER
Info SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone calls. 861 3183

PHONE J/O
6' 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 PM - 6 AM only. Dick (415) 626-1385

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

WESTERN HORSEMAN
Seeks same into horses for trail riding, friendship. J/O fantasies. Dig high top boots, big spurs, chaps, leather or swap exp/pix. W.M. 43 6' 155 # Box 1895

W.M. 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7½", UNCUT
Genuine very exp masochist seeks genuine exp sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, dominion and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what I can give in true sadomasochistic pleasure. Poss perm relationship. Box 1875

HOT LONELY BOTTOM
W.M. late 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. In only A.M. Area Box 3857

W MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W. Masculine Bottom. 34, 6'1" 195 into T/T CBT W/S. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fees. Box 3874

W M 34, NOVICE
Seeks bearded Master into pain, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one timers. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented. 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

A Note from The Hot Line

The Hot Line revolutionizes the telephone fantasy business!

All telephone fantasy services operate the same way. You call in at your own expense. The fantasy man of your choice calls you back collect — billing you at the most expensive rate the telephone company demands. No matter which service you choose, you can expect to pay an additional \$10 to \$35 per call in long distance fees!

We at The Hot Line think that's too much. So we have set up a free 800 number. Now, you can call The Hot Line FOR FREE and place your order. More importantly, we now offer FREE LONG DISTANCE CALL-BACKS. Now you can call from anywhere in America and enjoy The Hot Line FOR ONE LOW PRICE.

Now you don't have to call a lesser service to avoid long distance charges. You can enjoy the best telephone fantasy service and pay less for it than you would calling a service closer to home. No matter how low-priced another service is, when you add in the telephone costs, you will find that no service in the country is cheaper than The New Hot Line. So why call anyone else? Now you can call the best and save money too!

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A Nationwide 800 Number!
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be glad you called.

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Or send check or money order to
HOTWIRE
PO. Box 291337
Los Angeles, CA 90029

WARNING:

DO NOT MAKE THIS CALL
in your bedroom.

CENTERFOLD— COP IN BONDAGE

Anyone interested in meeting the "cop-in-bondage" from issue 67 for a hot and heavy bondage scene write: David, 16 Divisadero S.F. CA 94117, or phone 415 864-5145. Top or bottom into heavy bondage trips in uniforms or leather. Love miles of rope, ace bondage, saran wrap and leather. S-pens on and neck play by favorites.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B/T/W/S FF Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32 6' 215, ber out weight after handsome YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good head. No sissys, phonies, free loaders. Photo, phone Box 3888

W M SON SEEKS W M DAD

Son is 28 1/3 is 5'11" DAD is the one who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary over the knee etc. Will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David Box 18891 San Jose CA 95158

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masculine BB 29 yrs. old looking for same into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B-B. Also like bondage C/B/T and out door scenes. Write to D.G.B. 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord CA 94520. No fem farts or fakes. Photo if possible.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"—40—190 into all scenes—complete game room—B D S. M W S FFA Leather Hoods—wax tits—etc 619-420-8967

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

BIG "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1" 232-33) trim beard, thinning hair, broad hairy shoulders, chest and back, pliable, beer belly, cut 6 1/2" nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot, in-habituated MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3205 (Si verlaque) Box 10643, Glendale, CA 9 209

HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fuck no-rimming sucking. Does S&M W/S. Prolonged ass hole play—versatile (top-bottom) AM 46, 180 lbs-6' tall-beard-moustache—Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old 5'6" 130 lbs. Brown hair, green gray eyes, moustache and nice body. Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also w/l review requests from slaves(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter w/photo to Lord Stephen, Box 352 Garden Grove CA 92642 J35.

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B-D, W/S, B/P toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seal, Humil, and????? Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place. HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS come in 2nd with PHOTO get quick reply. Responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up. Let's do it, ads are for it. Box 3647

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slaves(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot. 29 yr old. 5'8" 145 pound, b.ond/blue-eyed, dominant professional. Looks are impor-

tant but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. C/B is considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine, mediterranean/latins a plus. Box 3658

S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM Box 1632

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B-D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors slave offers himself completely Box 3613

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience/loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm discipline tempered with warmth, understanding and necessary discipline, then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few: chiefly house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition, so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3501

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master (213) 846-9486

WANTED

LEATHER BIKE MASTER

into 20+ years, shaving, bonding B-D. Heavy Discipline, hair at nits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller 140 or heavier, 25 years or older. White. Photo requested. Slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631

WANTED

Healthy male slave, any race 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to His Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms Calif 92277. Include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic. Experienced and widely respected seeks untrutched muscular masochists OBJECT. Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons contact Frank A. Bright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA 92136 or call 619-260-8796 (after 11pm)

PIERCED, TATTOOED

LA TOP

Bearded, 6' 155# w/m mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lavin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos. C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP

Wanted by blond bodybuilder into bondage leather CBT. Shaving vacuum. Total service. Am hardworking, stable, professional, building gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad, serious only pls. Photos retrnd. #245 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211

S M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work. Suggestions, and leadback to Box 3772

SADIST WANTED

By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving. Available weekends. Box 3656

BLACK SADIST WANTED

To torture my white body as he wishes. Box 3777

THE ROADRUNNERS THANK DAVE AT STOCKADE LEATHER (LONG BEACH) FOR THE WAY-OUT TOYS SUPPLIED FOR THEIR SEXMAS ORGY

WANTED: ONE SLAVE

W-M Master 45, 5'8" 145 lbs seeks to own masculine, trim slave under 35. Master desires personal sex slave or slave/son, not S&M Bottom Discipline training, bondage, domination—yes. Brutality—no. In total commitment to this lifestyle, be ready to be kept naked, chained and kneeing at Master's feet, waiting to serve, suck or spread em or don't bother to apply. Master especially demands constant crotch worship and lots of head. Looks and height not that important. Attitude, obedience and complete submissiveness to butchering Master is. All races and nationalities considered. Beginner welcome. Permanent and live-in. Be prepared to relocate if accepted. Box 3887

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine white man, 45, 5'9" 155# seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skirts welcome!

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex. W.M 48-5'10" 160 Br/gr/moustache. Good body-lines. T/T B/D. C/B/T YOU B-B good chest pecs, 115# a must. Leather w/pic. I get results tell me what you need. If your interested in sincere buddy friendship/relationship with gd/looking top/bottom. Go for it! Don't be afraid. Answer this ad. No fats, fems, FF or dopers. Box 3852

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s) /guard(s). Me WM 34-6' 170-lbs brd Tan, FA GP B&D verbal abuse, bal & bl tort. W.S., travel LA-SD You. +6 white, dominate under 45, healthy good shape. Photo & phone to Box 2142 Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142

LOOKING FOR

EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache. Should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home. (213) 254-3036

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M 23, 5'10" 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominate, X-hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service

and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes, Clean Healthy! (619) 231-4496

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager offers mouth, ass C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/utrial. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white lab'n black. Pardon groups, dog food ok. Animals possible. G M P.O. Box 26081 L.A. CA 90026. Swap pix

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/ donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27 year-old stud. Need VA W.S. juicy ball meat, sweaty balls. Call: any time 213/656-9813

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS

Two w/ thy Masters seek 2-3 hr working slaves with steel balls 20-25. Iough scrappy dudes into BB, wrest, karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolute y h.h. m. h.d. No dopers, drunks, smoking but shit or damage. Age looks, cocksize unimportant. Seek: obedience, loyalty, discipline with "Yes, Sir" attitude, capacity for correction, punishment. having balls wh. pp'd butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with gratitude along w/ the 3 dogs. I am lab w/ wh. lab dogs. you have an idea of the obedience and discipline look for. Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slave men who work & sweat hard for their Masters w/ respect. Masters & slaves take pride in doing it well. I am 48, 5'8", 155 lbs who don't believe in S&M. No names, as some game players themselves probably not amry. This is permanent—be it so. You will be your butt in gym every day, learn martial arts, perform S&M and endurance routines for you. Masters and their friends will be present and tattooed. Dudes will be house slaves, personal attend., run Owners valets, b.s. enterprises. We like washboards, gigantic forearms, hvy vascularly. You will be GP FA who help design your own leather and steel gear. I am entirely up to us but no scal or FF. If you dig motorcycles, great I'm partial to redheads my lover likes blonde not too red. I like 'em tall my lover short. B'd & Moust. desirable. If speman hairy you're practically home free also no fags, etc. If you are good I make \$100-1200. Dudes some b.s. and not so in cooking, carpentry, gardening, Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get a drivers license and pass po. 1. We have road driver, bdy guard, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no Jim to no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good we have attitude. Now read this again very carefully. Box 3846

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

DELAWARE

WE SUE-Y-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms 16-32 at my cc locat on Reply w/photo & resume to WHB P O Box 251 Wimington DE 19899

DELAWARE VIRGO DADDY

G W topman-s 48 150 lb 5-11 seeks Bi gay or straight, marr ed or sing e young 18-30 slender bottom son-slave for weaknight weekend pleasure W te with photo to WHB P O Box 251 Wimington, DE 19899

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170 lbs solid muscle 5'10" 38, dark bearded interChain 226 I am essen tially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on Intel gence, experience, maturity and self acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr Gr. I work and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? You're in your court. Write P O Box 30651 Bethesda, MD 20814-3651

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I'm ls respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette) Jake Leonard, Box 120051 2260 NW 58th Ave. Sunrise FL 33313

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M describe self & exper phone recent photos, turn-ons & off's, any Jim ls 10 S Answer w/ more info & specs my pics. Plan me your area/ you visit SF a Mr Sir Box 11816 Ft Laud Fla 33339

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Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fistfing, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis leather boots. Am 27 150 lbs, 5'10" w/ short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No tats, pens, blacks. Bridwell Box 12348 Atlanta GA 30355-2348

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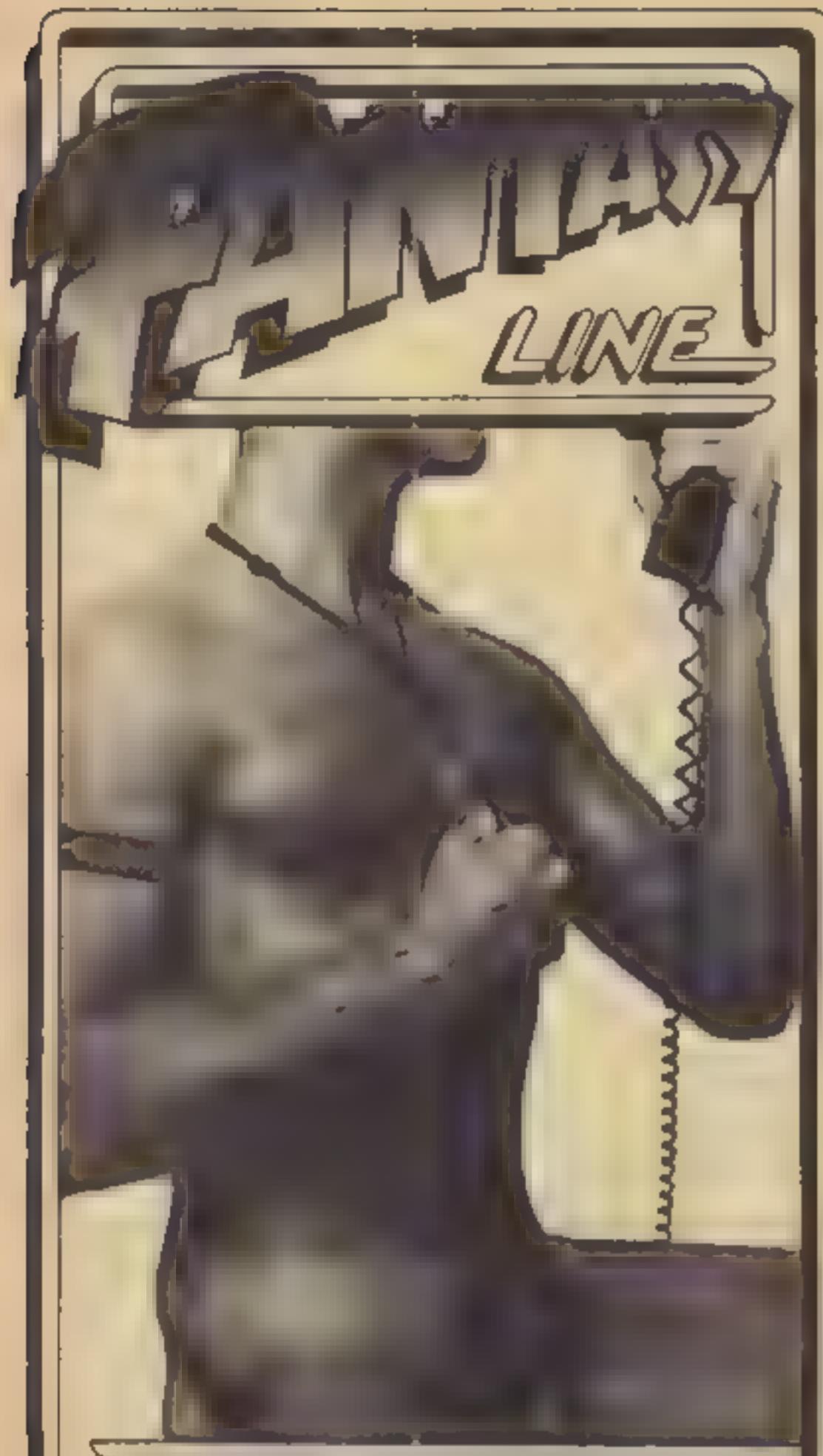
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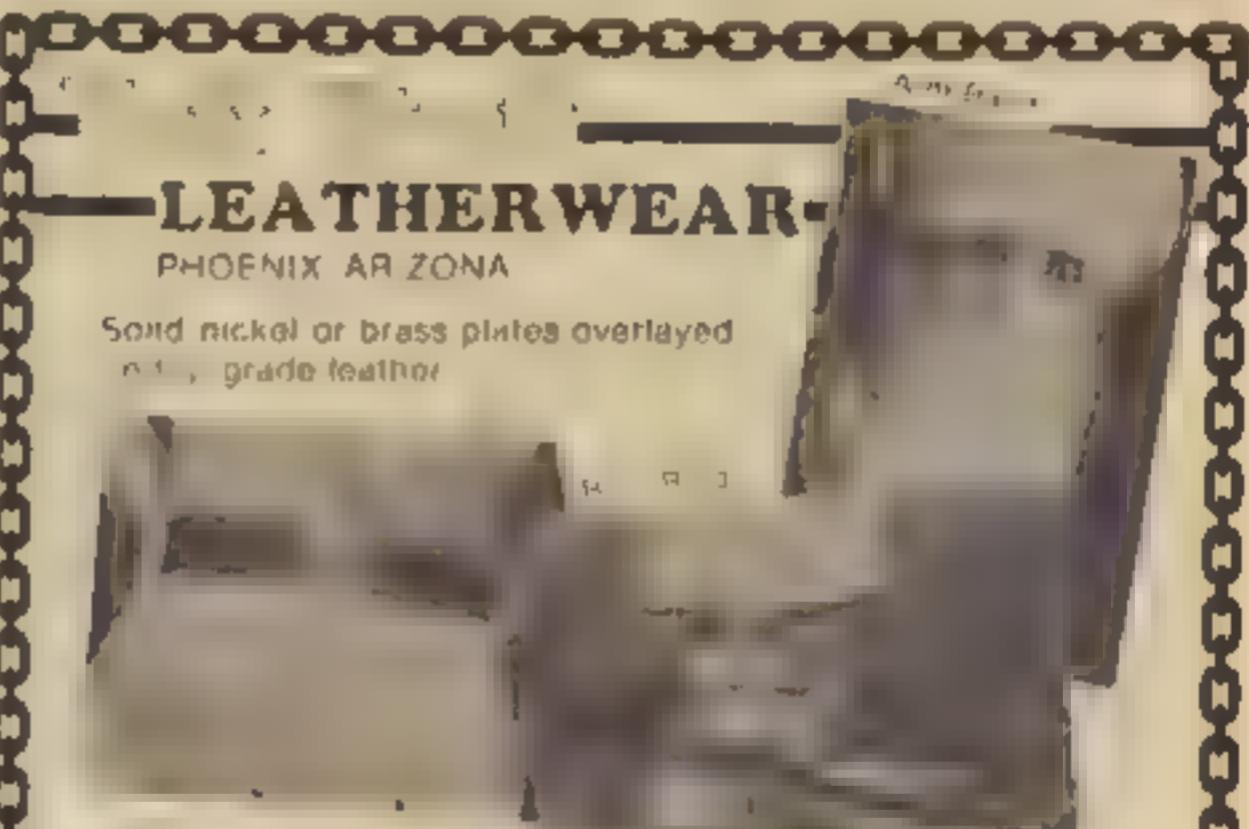
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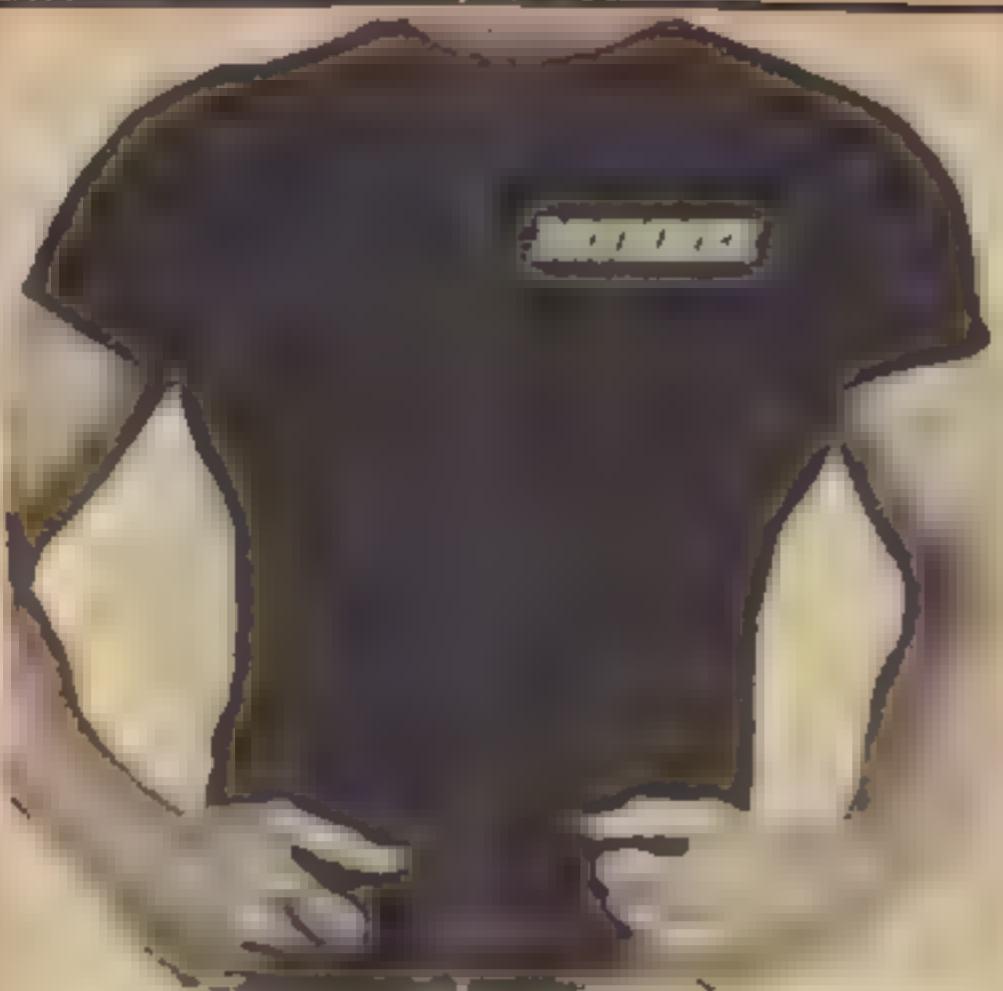
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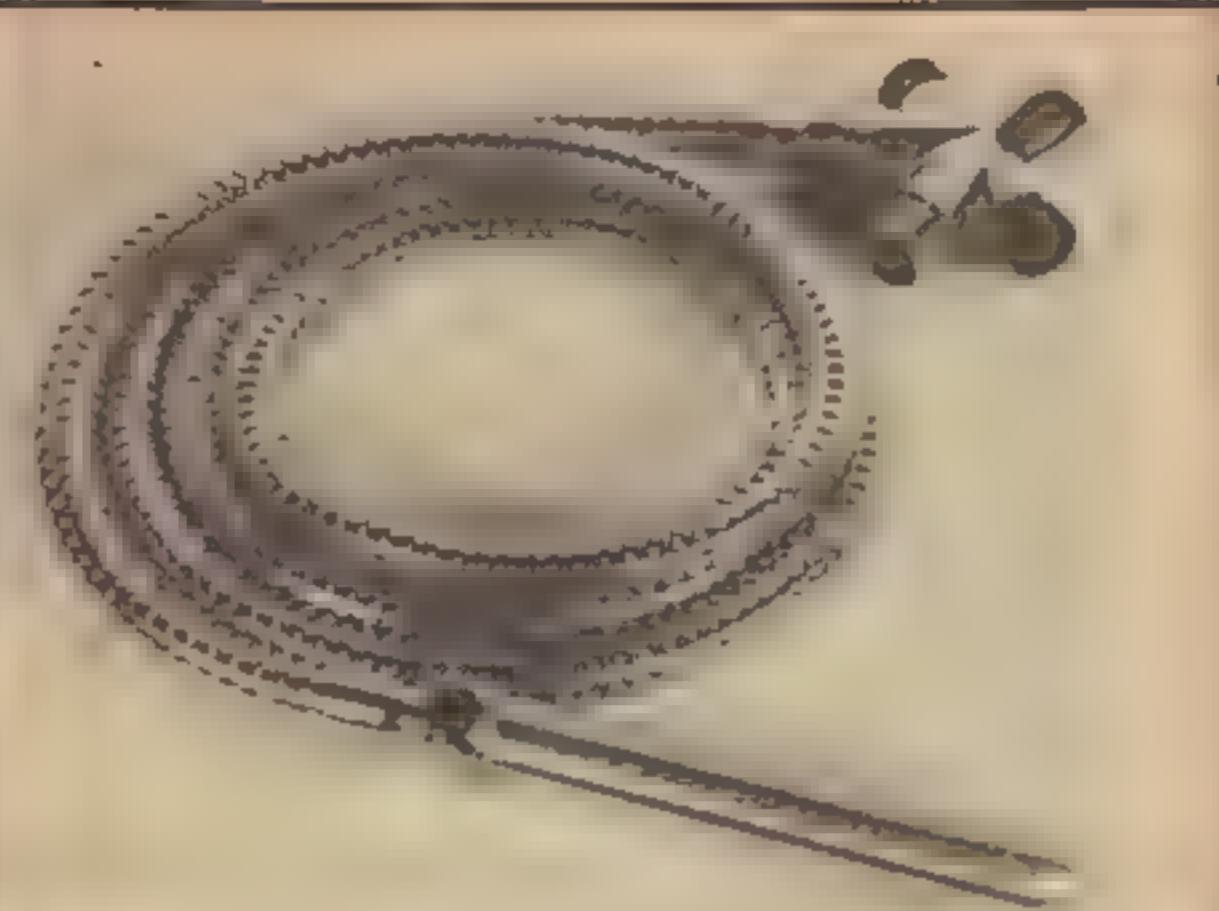
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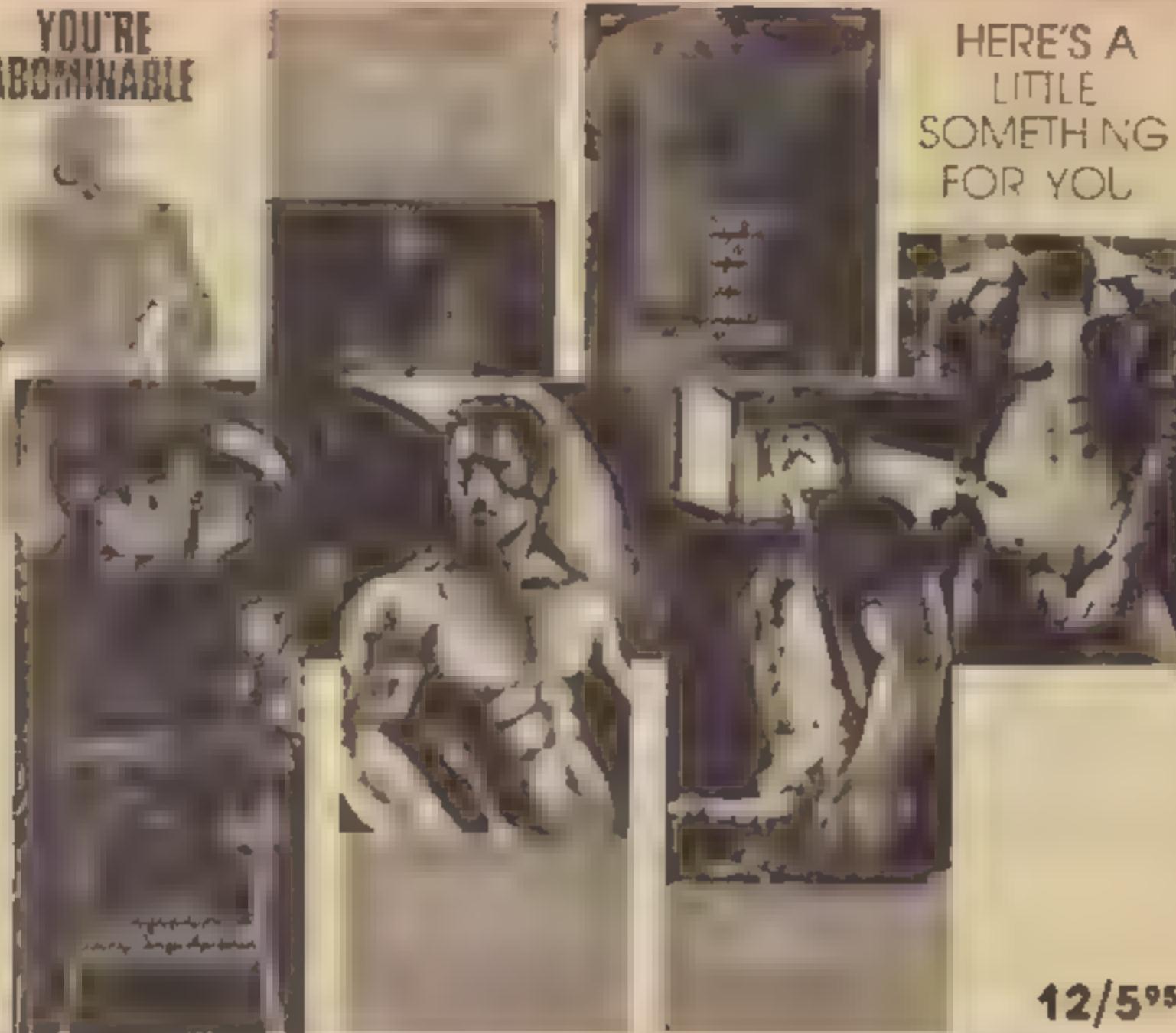


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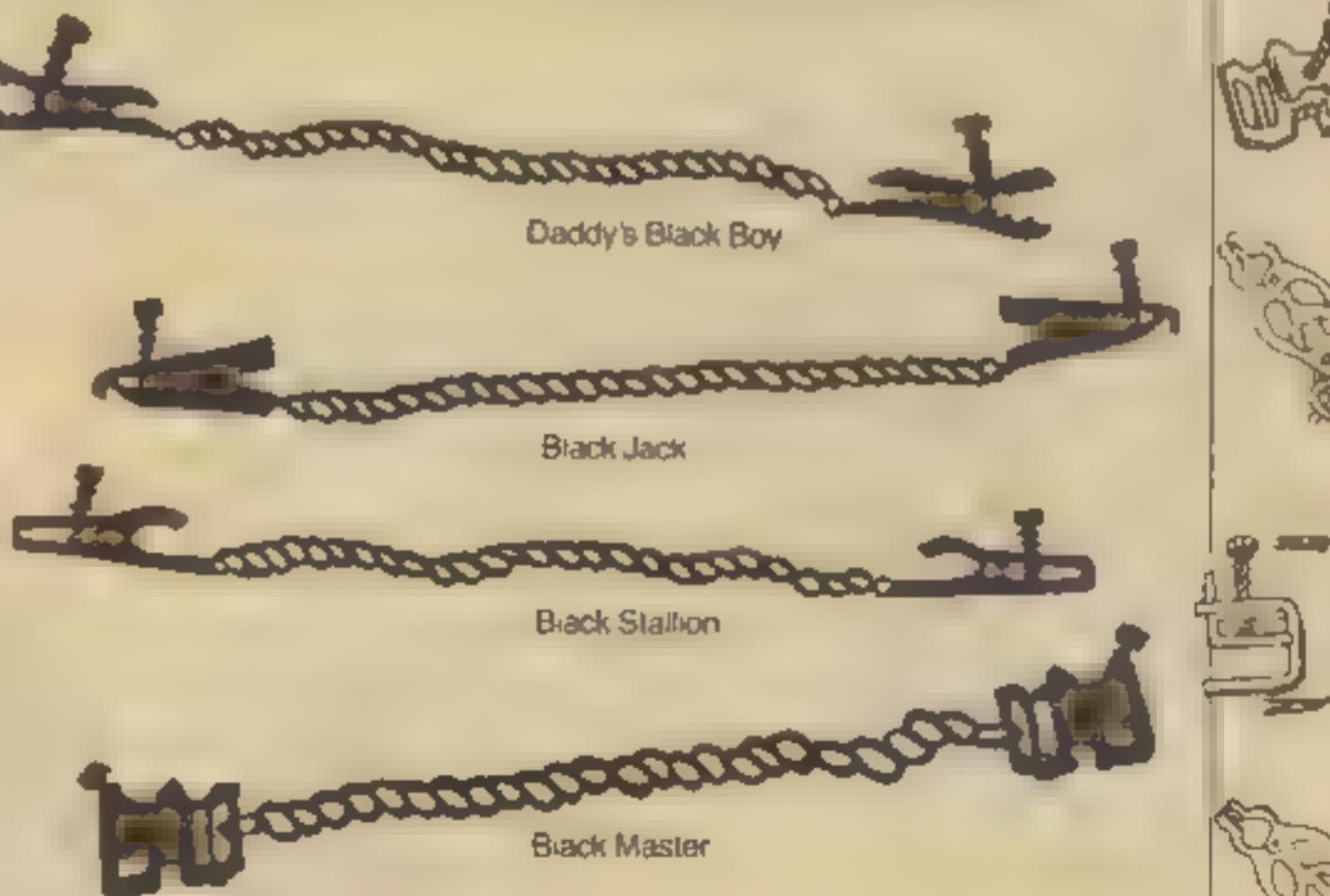
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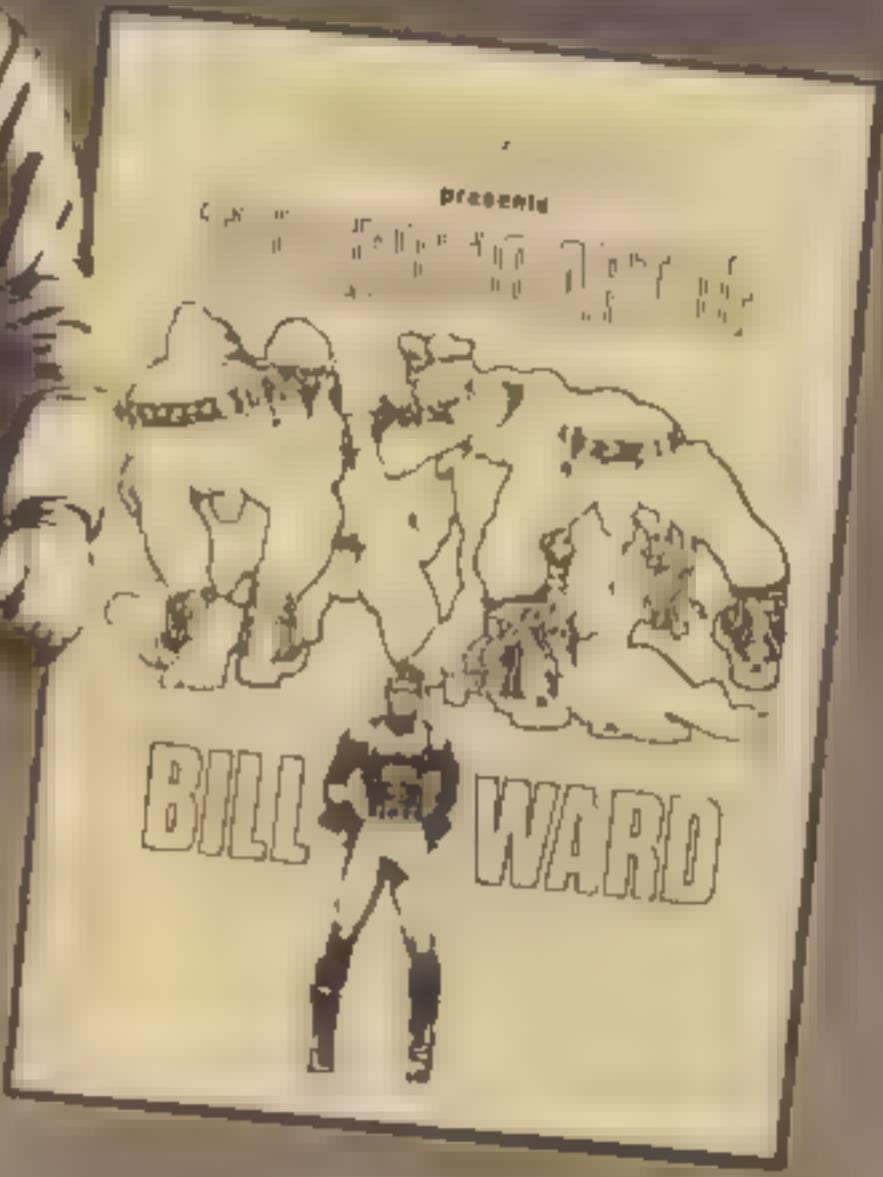
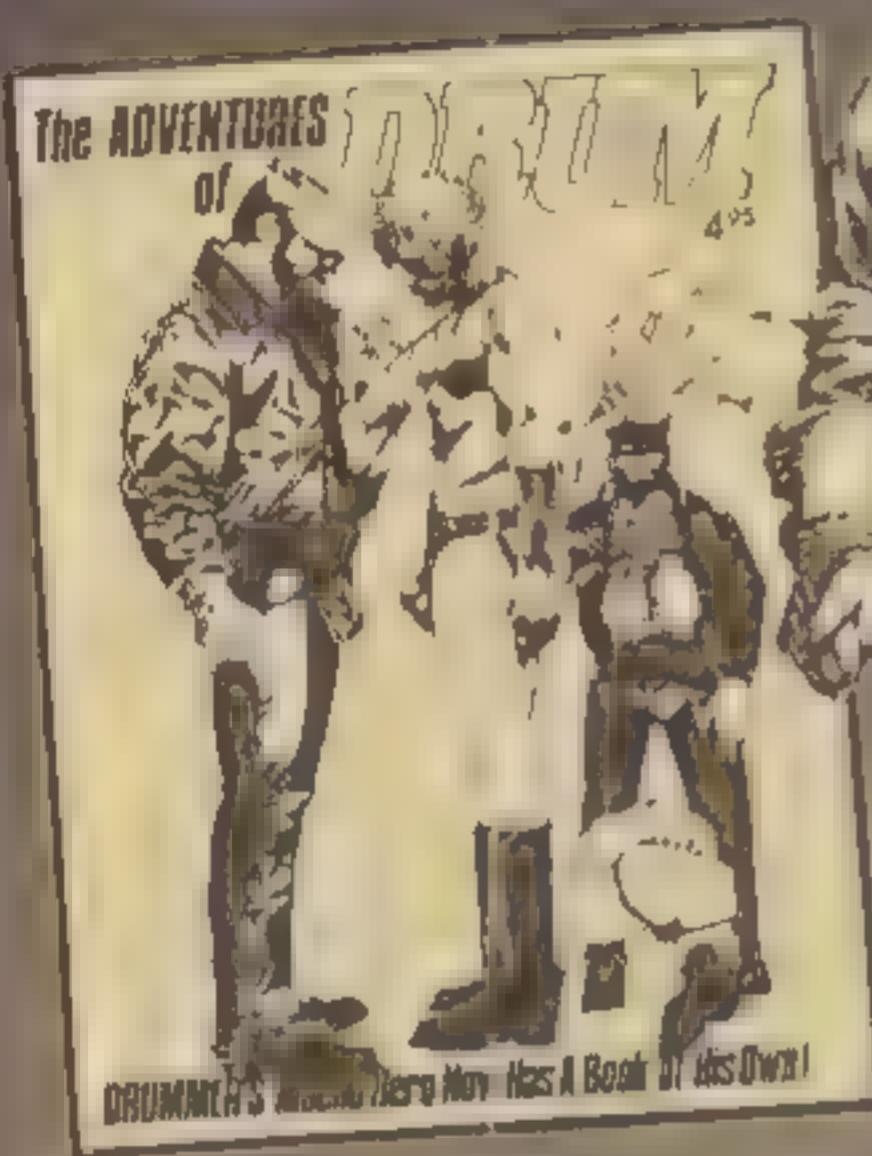
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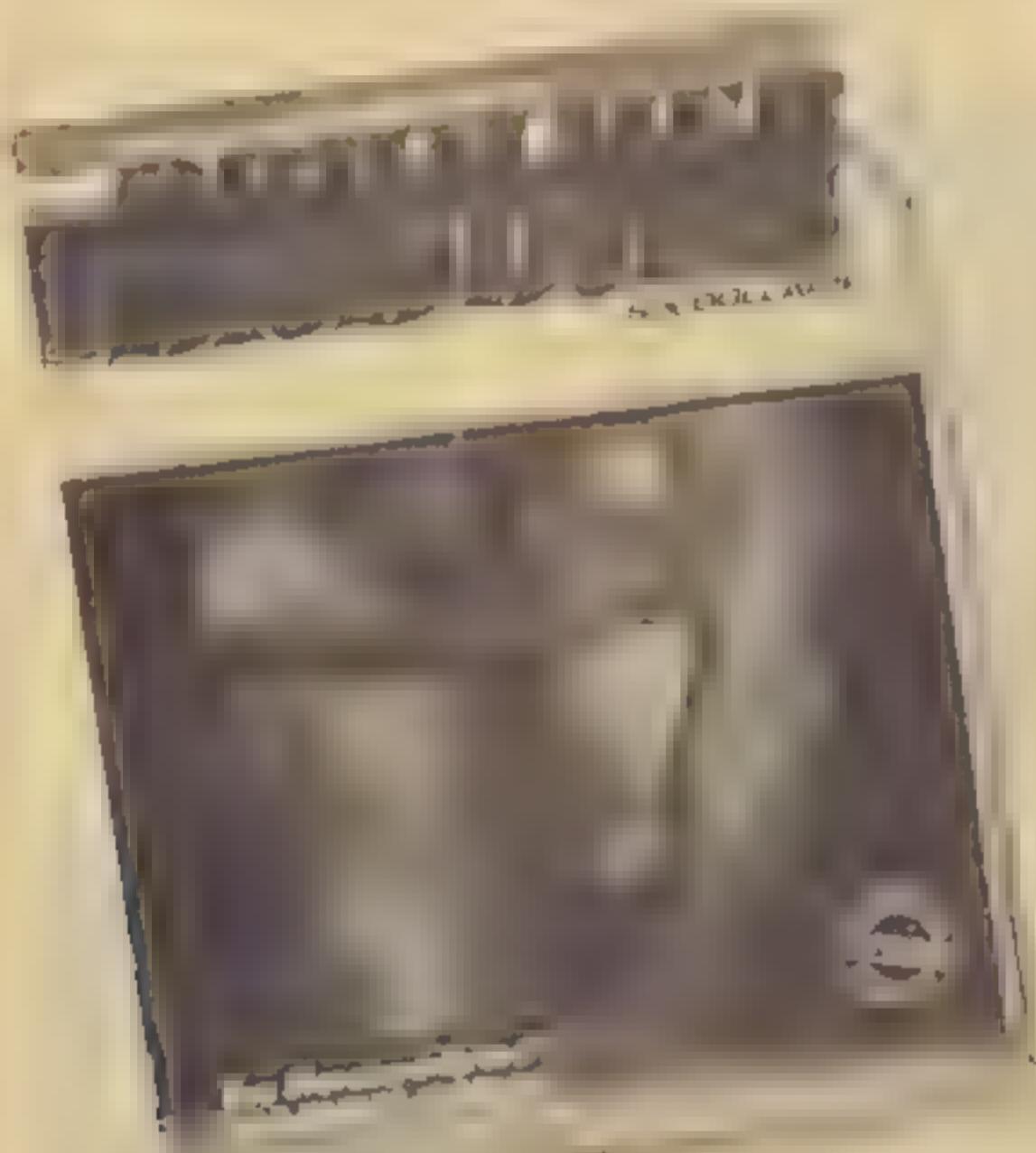
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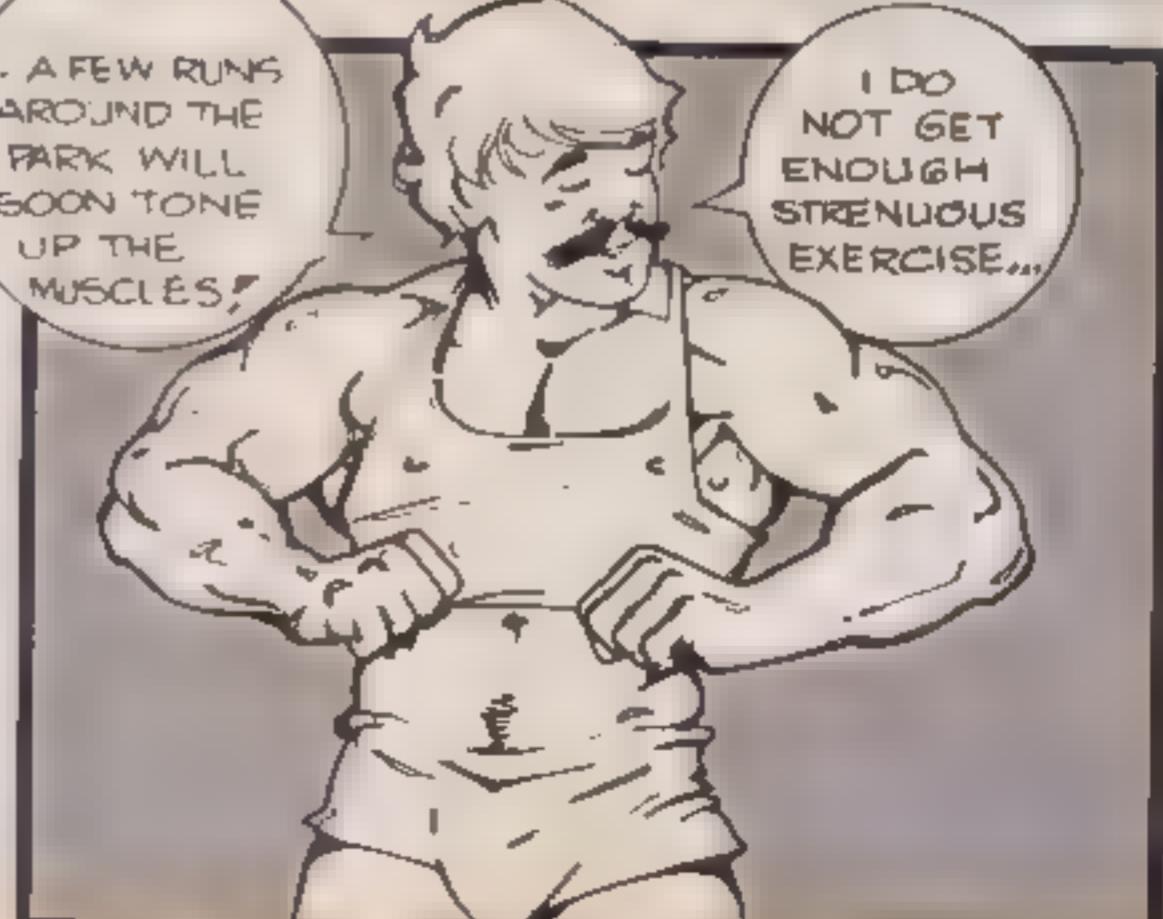
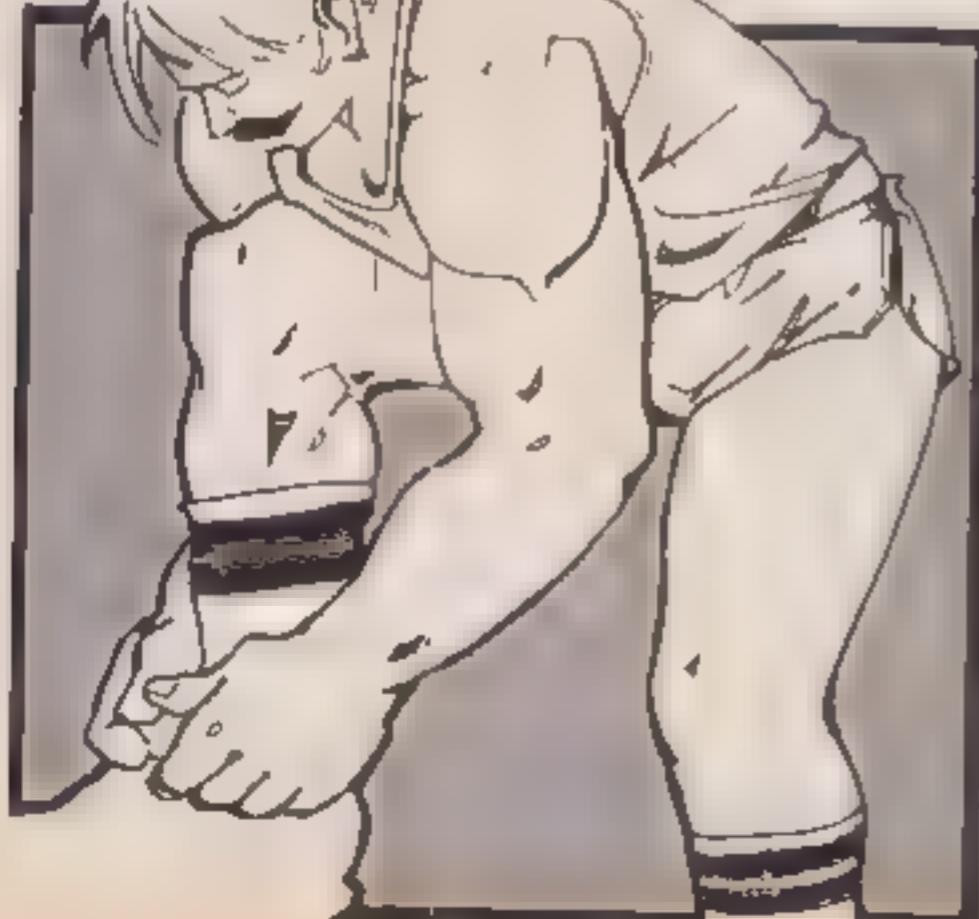
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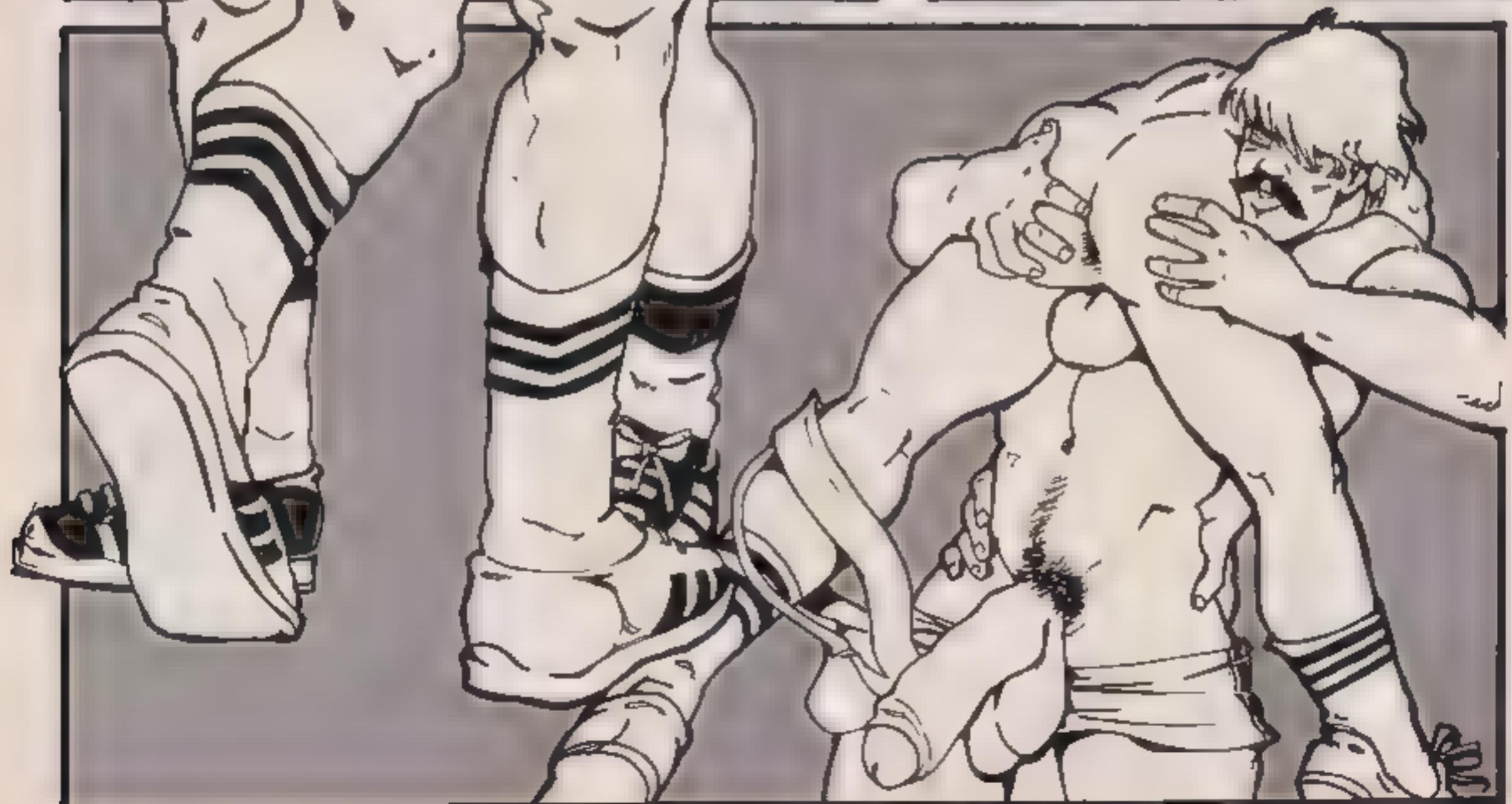
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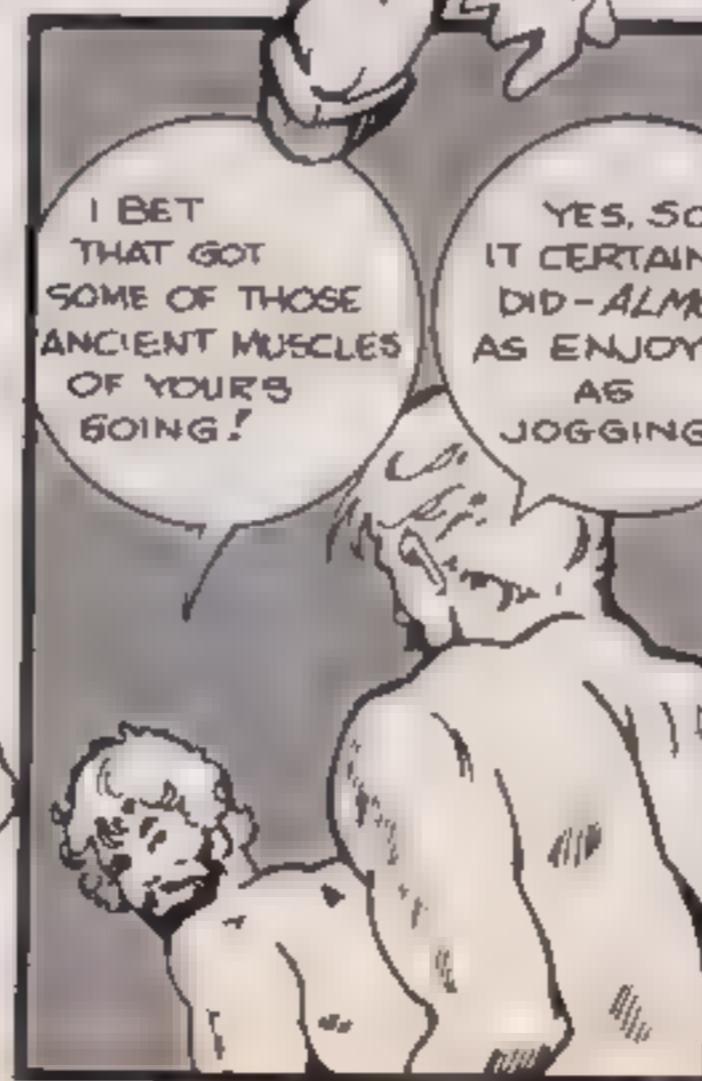
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LEATHER SCENE

VANCOUVER REPORT: VASM & SANDMUTOPIA U.

The vast room is flooded with a harsh white light. The officers take their places at benches arranged in a half-circle. The hubbub ceases abruptly. The room falls silent. Four muscular, uniformed guards bring in a blindfolded prisoner. They lead him to the center of the semicircle up to a sort of rack about two yards high. They go about stripping him as the room full of military personnel observes.

The prisoner is naked. His body is young, lean and athletic. His tan indicates he is a relatively fresh capture. The guards lift him up and set him on the middle pole of the rack. They bend him over backward so as to tie his wrists and ankles together. And they leave him like that, his arched naked body strained and swaying, supported only by the middle poles of the rack, which catches him in the back of his knees.

A man in civilian clothes approaches the prisoner. He is carrying a black plastic box, about two feet long, eight inches high. Three plastic-coated wires, each about two yards long, stick out of the top. At the ends of the wires are metal triangle clamps of different sizes and thickness. The man lays the box down by the rack. He presses down a red button, suddenly the silence is broken by a shrill, insistent buzz. Close-ups of the intent young military faces observing this lesson in interrogation by torture. Carefully, patiently, meticulously, the man proceeds with his demonstration. He applies the electrodes, one by one, to the most sensitive parts of the prisoner's body.

Swept over by the electrical charges the young prisoner's body vibrates, stretches, contracts. His wrenching, partially gagged screams heighten the intensity in the young military faces, eagerly studying the interrogation techniques.

I was reminded of this description of a scene from the movie *State of Siege* as I entered the Vancouver hotel room on Saturday, October 8, 1983. The description from an article in *Drummer* 30, is one of my favorites for one-handed reading. I was in Vancouver to attend the First Anniversary party of VASM, Vancouver Activists in SM. I had arrived late, missing Friday night's beer bash and arrived in the middle of Dean's electrotorture demonstration.

The smoke-filled hotel room did not resemble the sterile classroom of *State of Siege*, and here the men were not in military uniforms but in a mixture of styles ranging from leather to clone to business suits (some had rushed to the class from their last work session of the holiday).



1983 MR. SAN DIEGO LEATHER. The final big leather title of '83, as in the years past produced an extremely appealing titleholder. Held in mid-November at The Loading Zone, the line-up saw Mark David Holmes, a 30-year-old leathermaker, emerge the winner. Holmes, who owns the leather shop Hard Labor, recently traded in a seven-year stint as a pilot in the Air Force for serious community work (he is a member of the NGTF and publishes AIDS information materials). Judges included Val Martin, the first Mr. Drummer, and Steve Devlier last year. Mr. San Diego Leather Photo: R. Justin Thomas

weekend. But all watched the activities with an intensity equal to that of those young military faces." The other major difference was that the naked man spread-eagled on the bed with wires attached to his cock and balls was not an unwilling prisoner but an eager volunteer, he wasn't "wrenching" with "partially gagged screams," but was gasping almost purring, at the feel of the electricity charging his genitals. Of course, Dean did adjust the controls on the antique relaxicisor so that the subject was prompted to scream and jerk on several occasions. But afterwards, each time the grin on his face got even bigger.

As the demonstration continued the

intent audience learned how to make anal electrodes out of aluminum cigarette tubes and by wrapping copper wire around the narrow neck of a butt plug how to use salt solution to improve conductivity of electrical contact how to use electrified copper scouring pads inside a jockstrap to provide unique stimulation how to wire a copper-bristled, plastic-handled brush to combine abrasion and electrical stimulations all in one activity, and many other imaginative techniques. Safety was repeatedly stressed. No electrical contacts above the navel was the major point, as inviting as electrical play may be, it is very dangerous. The heart is controlled by electrical impulses

and any extraneous electrical charges that enter the chest cavity can interfere with this normal rhythm and trigger a heart attack. After the demo proper, many of the audience asked to see what the various electrical contacts felt like. Dean obliged, also offering private "educational sessions in his room.

That evening I offered the first in a series of Sandmutopia University courses. In the well-equipped playroom of a VASM member I presented a demonstration of basic tit, cock and ball torture techniques, discussing the use of the hands, abrasives, heat and cold, chemical stimulants like Mentholatum, various kinds of clamps the eastrator, techniques for wrapping, weighting, stretching, beating, etc., etc. After the formal demo we broke for beer, nibbles and socializing; but with a room full of hot-looking and eager men, I interrupted these activities a few times to present demonstrations of "advanced techniques." One of these was a clothespin scene similar to the one pictured in *Mach 6*, another was a tit tug of war between two hot men who pulled at each other's clamped nipples while I enjoyed squeezing their two pairs of balls, and another could be described as "pupper on a string." I decorated a well-made chest and crotch with numerous plastic hemostat clamps, attached light string to each, then stepped back and used the strings to make my "marionette" twitch and writhe exactly as I wanted him to. It was one class I hated to see end!

On Sunday afternoon VASM held what for most clubs, is often the most sadomasochistic event of all—a business meeting. After a year of rather informal organization they had decided to celebrate their first anniversary by adopting a constitution and electing their first set of officers. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears when I watched them accomplish all of this in the one hour scheduled. I congratulated them and suggested they submit the event to the Guinness book of records! This is obviously a well-organized and TOGETHtR group of men.

After the meeting I presented the Sandmutopia University course in Basic Rope Bondage. After discussions of how to select rope, which knots you need to know, basic bondage positions, how to avoid cutting off circulation and damaging nerves, application of a rope body harness, etc., etc., we returned to the Dufferin Hotel for the banquet. Since it was Canada's Thanksgiving Day weekend we all enjoyed a wonderfully prepared Turkey dinner, with wine courtesy of Chicago Hellfire Club, and gave thanks for good companionship and solid interest in the exploration of safe and sane SM.

After dinner it was back to a private home for my final course, this one in Advanced Bondage techniques. I demonstrated various techniques of group bondage, including a human tripod that is very effective, and various forms of mummification. The class slid easily from dem-



DADDY'S BOY TAKES TOP HONORS: As a fund raiser for the SF AIDS Fund, The Eagle, a popular South of Market bar in San Francisco, and Alan Selby, of Mr. S Products, got together and staged a very special contest for the real underdogs of the Daddy phenomenon—the sons. The first Daddy's Boy contest netted hot young Jake Banks (far right), entered by his daddy, Scott (far left) and congratulated by Walter Mellow of the SF AIDS Fund (center). This single event turned out to be the highest-grossing AIDS-oriented fund raiser in San Francisco to date. Photo by Rink



TAPE, NOT DISCO, RAISES TEMPERATURES: Stalion Sound, the New York-based bastion of explicit Hot Talk tapes, came to San Francisco to toast the opening of their major West Coast retail outlet, the Studstore—and managed to snare the city's debut of Troc Backstage, a private party space that is still reverberating from the blast. Those who came were rewarded with a copy of Stalion's latest, *The Commander Speaks*, as well as peeks at Troc's mammoth warehouse cum event space. A good time was had. Photo by Robert Pruzan

onstration to group participation, and several hours later I came up for air from between a wonderfully responsive and hung French Canadian and a hunky and hairy French Swiss man whom I had tied together I kept squeezing and stretching their bound backs while I watched my former students enjoying themselves. It was with great reluctance that we finally parted, many going off to continue the evening's activities in private. I had to catch an early plane so I missed Monday morning's farewell breakfast.

Vancouver Activists in SM has a fine collection of good men. Most of them are new to the scene but what they lack in experience they make up for in enthusiasm and eager willingness to learn and experience. I look forward to meeting them again in Vancouver, in Chicago anywhere! For more information on the club write VASM, PO Box 2204, New Westminster, B.C. V3L 5A5 Canada.

The Sandmutopia University Faculty is available for special classes and demonstrations for consenting adult men interested in promoting safe and sane SM. For information contact Sandmutopia University, PO Box 6592, Chicago IL 60680.

-Hederman

GMSMA '84

Gay Male SM Activists, a New York based information and support group for men into SM, has announced its schedule for the first month of the new year—three varied events: Novices: Getting Started in SM (Jan. 11), Anniversary Party and Masters Auction (Jan. 21), and Tops: The Pleasures and Pains of Taking Charge (Jan. 25). GMSMA maintains a newsletter, a very active membership and frequent social, lecture and demonstration meetings. Information on January events as well as membership information is available by writing: GMSMA, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

MR. ZEUS COVERMAN CONTEST

The first Mr. Zeus Coverman Contest promises to be one of the best hot men contests of the year. The date: February 24, 1984. The prizes: \$500 for First Place, \$400 for Second, \$300 for Third, plus trophies. The place: L.A.'s newest (and alleged to be the hottest), Club Zephyr at 5209 Wilshire Blvd.

If you think you're a potential Zeus-man, you can get entry information by contacting Jim Hawkins at (213) 475-3015 or Mikal Bales at (213) 664-5415. Advance tickets only, via David Thuesen at (213) 933-5050. This looks to be a real muscular, masculine, Zeus-caliber event and Drummer will be there to make sure that you see every straining bicep and bulging crotch in an upcoming issue.

S.T.U.D.S.

A new group called STUDS has formed in Eng and consisting of men into uniforms and/or leather. As is the case with most English SM and leather organiza-

tions and bike clubs, they meet on a regular basis at a public pub, The Church Hotel, Crook Street, Bolton, three times a month. They also have a regular night at a Whalley dancing bar. But STUDS also has get-togethers at an authentic British fort (which fort is not public information).

While uniforms and leather predominate, there are also members into rubber (which is more popular in Europe than in America). STUDS is interested in visiting U.S. leathermen and is willing to extend invitations to its non-members-only events. If you are planning a U.K. visit during 1984 you can contact STUDS by writing: The Secretary, 41 Portville Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester, England M19 3DN.

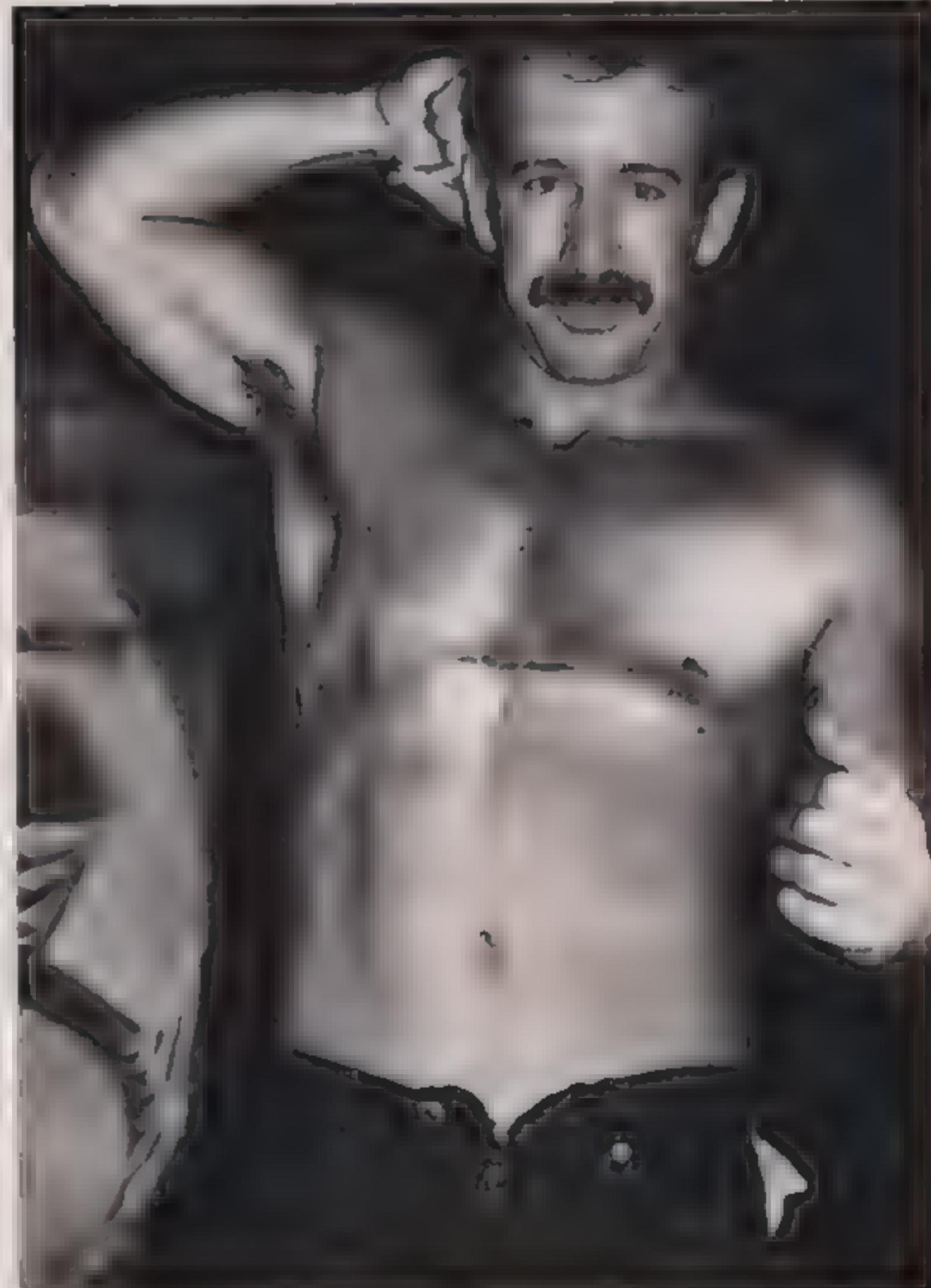
LEATHER MARDI GRAS

We reproduce the following press release, submitted to International Leather Scene by the Lords of Leather of New Orleans, verbatim. If the language is Greek to you, you're just not up on protocol.

New Orleans—A gay Mardi Gras will be officially proclaimed March 6 when the newest krewe in New Orleans, the Lords of Leather, entertains with a glittering Royal Coronation Before Parliament.

The midnight unmasking and crowning of Lord King I and his consort will be preceded by two hours of festivities, ushering in Fat Tuesday.

On behalf of the first leather krewe in New Orleans, the House of Lords, as the



THE TITS OF KONG: Best Pecs? Best Biceps? Best Buns? No, but the first annual Best Bare Chest Contest at the SF Eagle, home to many an event nowadays—and the very likely winner, Mike Merrioli. As you can see, he was judged overall best of everything. And you can imagine how many times the judges had to maul those nipples before they made up their minds. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

body of officers are known will issue the individual, non-transferable invitations to the House of Commons, composed of other krewe and leather/levi club members, other residents and out-of-town guests.

In charge of the ceremonies beginning at ten o'clock the evening before Mardi Gras are the *Lord of Misrule*, Wally Sherwood, and the *Lord Temporal*, Don Eagle.

Other officers of the organization, which describes itself officially as "A Mississippian Mardi Gras Krewe," are the *Lord Chancellor*, Bob Brown; the *Lord Mayor*, Bob Keesee; the *Lord Privy*, John Freese and the *Lord Exchequer*, Jerry Radtke.

A former King of Carnival on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, Sherwood is special lieutenant of Tragoidia and was formerly associated with Amon-Ra. He served as charter vice president of de Sade & Men and secretary of the Knights d'Orleans.

An active member of both the Lancers Motorcycle Club and the Krewe of Petronius, Eagle also holds associate membership in de Sade & Men as well as the Lanyards of Toronto and the Selectmen of Detroit.

Brown was organizer and served as charter president of the Circle Leather Club of Indianapolis and Freese is a past active member of the Cheaters M.C. of San Francisco. Both were formerly members of the Krewe of Vesta, with Bob holding the office of function lieutenant.

Keesee and Radtke, co-owners of Partners Saloon and Leather And... are newcomers to Carnival but not to the leather scene. They hold associate memberships in the American Leathermen of Houston, the Selectmen of Detroit and the Vanguard M.C. of Philadelphia.

Mailing address of the new krewe is Lords of Leather, P.O. Box 71205, New Orleans, LA 70172.

DUNGEONMASTER REVISITED

DungeonMaster, the bi-monthly newsletter of "male SM equipment and techniques," begun in 1979, has released *DungeonMaster Yearbook I*. Printed in magazine format on coated stock, the Yearbook is a 58-page compilation of the newsletter's first six issues. One of *DungeonMaster's* purposes, according to editor Fledermaus, has been to provide a source of "safe and sane" SM techniques. "Fantasy trips can be fun but unless the techniques fantasized about are totally safe they should stay only in the head and not be put into action."

DungeonMaster Yearbook I contains a great deal of reading matter, such as mummification techniques, book and magazine reviews, and commentaries including a report on *Inferno IX* from a "Top View" and a "Bottom View"). There are also illustrations and photos by Leo, Zeus, Cavello, Sean and Rex. Cover price is \$11.75. *DungeonMaster* is published by Desmodus Publications, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680.



LIVING ART: The King of Hearts in Los Angeles hosted the revival of a long lost (or sort was thought) art form—body tattooing, with their public and invitational Tattoo Art Show. The public was invited to just come and look, touch, taste and smell—or indulge (tattoo artists of varying legendary reputations were on hand. Special invitation guests like the one shown here, front and back, were present to display the height the art form has reached. The King of Hearts has, in a short time, turned the arts into a way of life. Photo by Joe Tiffenbach



LEATHER IN THE DESERT

The door swung open, he stepped through. A ripple of whispers washed through the noisy bar. His presence was known to all within seconds. Some responded with anticipation, some with curiosity, some with a quiver of anxiety.

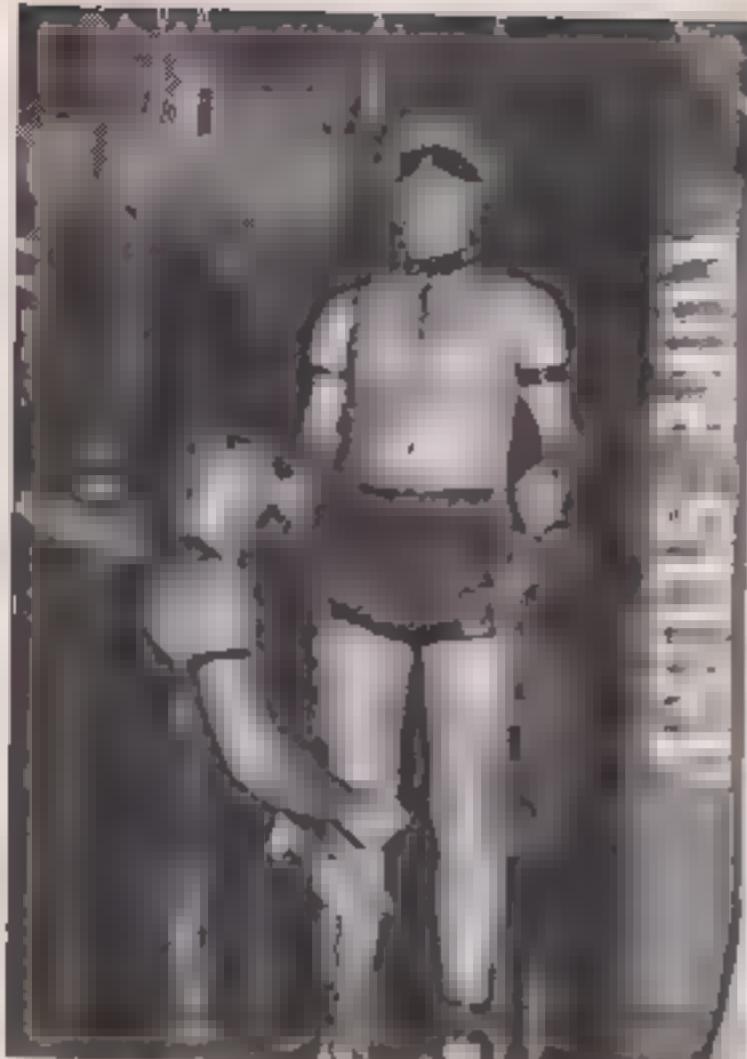
He stepped decisively forward, uncertain figures stepped back, creating an aisle in the crowded bar. He paused briefly when he focused on a familiar face. The face turned, withdrew, disappeared into the crowd. He wondered why, then stepped forward again and the aisle lengthened.

His first appearance marked the intrusion of a new facet of man within a semi-protected community of men. He brought a new attitude to a monotonous environment of loud music, writhing bodies, cardigan sweaters, giggles and excessive cologne. The community had heard of him in larger cities; his reputation preceded him—a reputation of misconceptions, misunderstanding, false tales filled with fantasy. Now he is here, becoming a vital part of the environment and bringing a new maturity to the self-image of everyone he encounters—and we will never be the same.

He is an Arizona Leatherman. His identity arose from a desire to envelop his body in a sensual experience, to assert himself, to make a statement to his peers. How did he come into existence in Arizona? This question takes us back a few years and involves several men who began their development independently but concurrently. These men shall be referred to collectively as the Arizona Leatherman.

During his adventures to cities like San Francisco, Denver, Houston and New York, he first became aware of men who carried the aroma of leather. His own first item of leather may have been a wristband which doubled as a cock ring. The faint hint of its aroma and the feel of the leather's warmth planed on his senses until he found himself searching for an increased fulfillment. To satisfy this urge he took a small but decisive step forward when he secured his first leather vest. He became a novice leatherman primed for a multitude of new experiences.

Left: Patrick, September's winner of the Mr. Arizona Leather title. Photo by Mike Turley.



Tuff Stuff Leatherware Master & Slave demonstration. Photo by Mike Turley

He was proud of his new leather vest and the first night he owned it, in a daring move (he thought), he slipped it on without a shirt. His body flushed with excitement. Stepping before a mirror, he liked what he saw, what he felt—the smooth, warm leather against his flesh, the aroma enveloping his body. His thoughts whirled as he visualized himself in leather from head to toe: a motorcycle cap, jacket, pants, boots to accompany his vest. These acquisitions would take time but he was determined to sacrifice for his leather at the expense of other basic needs.

On his continuing travels to more mature cities, he began to observe men wearing leather with a closer eye. He began identifying with their mannerisms, adapting to their conversation, molding himself to a new image. Each time he returned home to Arizona, friends noticed a change in his attire, heard new expressions, became aware of his increasing confidence, assertiveness and maturity.

His leather maturity has been a slow progress. The transition from novice leather wearer to seasoned leatherman took place within the bond of a brotherhood of leathermen. He is no longer alone when he steps inside a bar. Familiar faces no longer turn away in confusion but come forward to greet him. The number of leathermen patronizing the bar steadily increases, their bond becomes a stronger and stronger force.

August, 1983—the word is out, the local leather shop and the nearby bar are hosting a contest. Ads appear in the Phoenix community papers announcing something new—a competition for Best Top and Bottom Leatherman. The question arises: are there enough Arizona Leathermen to make such an event work? The gamble pays off. Eighteen leathermen

from all over the state arrive to compete. Judges select three Top Leathermen and three Bottom Leathermen, allowing the crowd to pick their first-place favorites.

The energy generated by that first gathering continued to flow long after the contest. More men were dropping by the leather shop, more were arriving at the bar in leather. A few weeks later the bar sponsored a special night to pay tribute to the hometown leather shop. A screening of *Road Warrior* was followed by an exhibition of leather goods from saddle bags to chaps, and a Master/slave demonstration of a suspension harness and sling. The crowd responded with unexpected enthusiasm.

Out here in the Arizona desert, a snowball effect has developed in response to

the newly aroused interest in leather. A continuing calendar of contests and special events has helped to draw the leather brotherhood closer together, and brought new members into the fold.

This spring, a very special and unprecedented event will mark a new plateau in the Arizona Leatherman's coming of age. On the second Saturday in March, Trax and Tuff Stuff Leatherware of Phoenix will co-sponsor the run-off contest for Mr. Arizona Leatherman 1984. That man will be Arizona's first entrant ever in the Mr. International Leather Contest to be held in Chicago in May. Our longtime goal will become a reality as the Arizona Leatherman joins the International Brotherhood of Leather.

Ron Linde



Leather comaradene comes to the desert. September winner Patrick (left) confers with his October successor, Mark (right). Both men will be in the running to represent Arizona at the 1984 Mr. International Leather Contest in Chicago next May. Photo by Mike Turley

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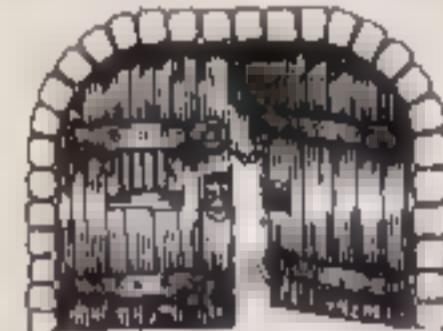
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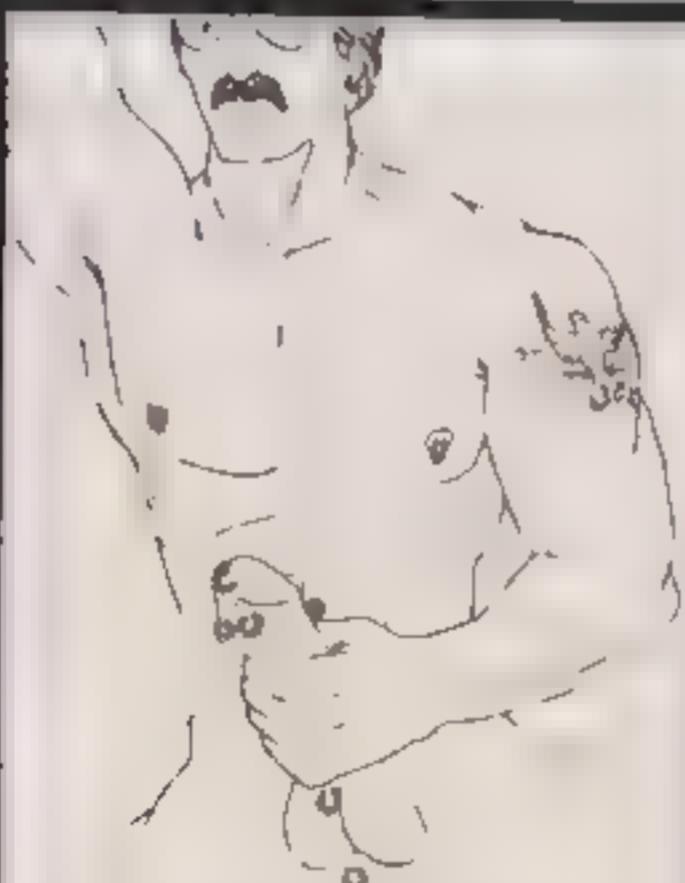
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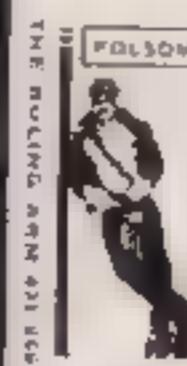
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READING BETWEEN THE LINES

The year just past provided a richer than usual bounty of books for The Man Who Reads Drummer. Leather, SM, foreskin fascination, enemas and ancient Egypt—you name it, somebody put it between covers in 1983.

Below: Ten titles that stand out (plus two multi-volume publishing phenomena), listed in no particular order.

Fiction honors go to *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, by A.N. Roquelaure (E.P. Dutton). Don't be misled by the title: this is no children's tale nor is it for straight readers only. Roquelaure's sadomasochistic fable is a jewel box of a novel, encrusted with echoes of de Sade and Victorian High Porn.

The year's biggest disappointment in fiction: *The Rose Exterminator*, by William Carney (Everest House), a sequel to the author's out-of-print SM classic, *The Real Thing*. We've seen this script before—a murder mystery set against the backdrop of the SM underworld—but the dialogue was never this bad. Carney's prose is so self-consciously pretentious as to be almost unreadable. Whatever insights he may have to offer are muddled by uninteresting characters who all talk in the same purple vein.

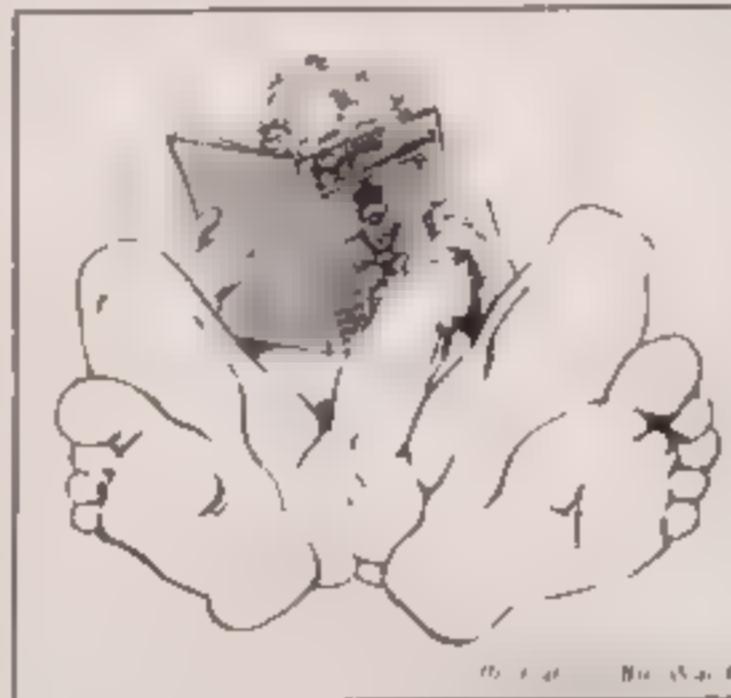
John Rechy also reappeared with a less than successful new novel, *Bodies and Souls* (Carroll & Graf). This gloomy, panoramic portrait of Los Angeles, filled with inter-linked subplots and outre characters, marks Rechy's attempt to penetrate the mainstream. Gay subject matter is pervasive but not the principal focus. *Bodies and Souls* is a long, gray novel, lit only occasionally by flashes of brilliance. The gay characters and situations are drawn from the standard Rechy repertoire: the vignette set in a leather milieu rehashes his view of SM as a self-destructive sham.

Norman Mailer stepped out of the mainstream and into a maelstrom of controversy with *Ancient Evenings* (Little, Brown), a long, scatological depiction of ancient Egypt. Despite a convincingly foreign tone, *Evenings* ultimately contains too much Mailer, too little Egypt. Mailer is homophobic in the most literal sense—fascinated by and desperately afraid of the psychological ramifications (to him) of sex between men. In his Land of the Pharaohs, anal penetration abounds, always keyed to domination, submission, humiliation, he approaches the subject with a curious mixture of awe and repulsion. The result is sometimes pathetically naive, often undeniably powerful.

Some mention should be made of Felice Picano's new anthology of short fiction, *Slashed to Ribbons in Defense of Love* (Gay Presses of New York), if only because the best and most unlikely story

in this collection, a ghostly tale of obsession called "Hunter," first appeared in these pages. Picano seldom surprises; his vision is too linked to the cultural standards around him to offer something truly individual and unique. But that is also his strength: a sensitivity to mundane nuances and communal fantasies, and the ability as a writer to record them with unerring accuracy.

Mention must also be made of Mr. Benson (Alternate Publishing), the long-awaited paperback publication of the *Drummer* serial by John Preston, revised with a new epilogue added. Preston is probably the most prolific and perhaps the most popular writer of gay SM fiction today. Integrity precludes a review in this space, since the publisher of this magazine and of that book are one and the



same. However, that fact leads us to what was undoubtedly, even by the most objective standards, the most important development in gay/SM publishing in 1983—the entry of Alternate Publishing into the trade paperback market. Alternate's other title for fall of '83 was Carlo Carlucci's *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover*, a witty cartoon collection featuring friendly jibes at every gay lifestyle from leather to fern (and the war between).

1983 saw the continuing revival of the works of Phil Andros (aka Samuel Steward). Largely neglected over the last decade, Andros' novels about a hot, hung, happy-go-lucky hustler (who likes cops and leather) are now being brought back into print. Alyson Publications revived the first Andros book, *Stud*, Perineum Press brought us *Roman Conquests* and *My Brother, My Self*.

Another continuing phenomenon is the series of Gay Sunshine paperbacks reprinting material from that notorious tabloid, *STH (Straight to Hell)*. The latest title: *Cum* (preceded by *Meat, Flesh, and Sex*). I must admit that the cascade of utter filth and disgusting perversion found in these true-life tales, delightful as they are, is beginning to wear a bit thin for this reader (I seem to be alone in my exhaustion)—but the "editorials" sandwiched between, by anthologist Boyd McDonald, are a source of unending inspiration. McDonald is one of our age's great theorists of sexual culture and politics. His off-the-wall messages are so jar-

ringly out of tune with prevailing propaganda that they take your breath away—and so nakedly true, so right, they compel agreement.

For fetishists, 1983 offered a trilogy of special-interest volumes. *Foreskin* came first (it usually does), a self-published volume of trivia and essential data by Bud Berkeley and Joe Tiffenbach. Assembled from the files of the Uncircumcised Society of America and from a series of articles that appeared in *Drummer*, *Foreskin* features the "erotic history" of circumcision, true stories, fantasies, and a picture gallery of three-score cocks, cut and uncut, with vital statistics supplied by each owner. (Available by mail from Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126, \$15.95 postpaid.)

Arriving at year's end (there's a pun in this somewhere, but I can't quite put my finger in it) was *The Enema as an Erotic Art and Its History*, a mammoth coffee table tome by David Barton-Jay. (See page 22.)

Into the vast middle ground between *Foreskin* and *The Enema* came *The Leatherman's Handbook II* (Modernismo Publications), a wide-ranging reference work by *Drummer*'s Q-and-A man, Larry Townsend. The original *Handbook* appeared over ten years ago; rather than do a simple cut-and-paste revision, Townsend has completely reworked and rewritten his original concept. His basic structure—information mixed with fictional (factual?) short stories to illustrate the point—makes *Handbook II* work as both reference and one-fisted recreation. As broad-based as its coverage is, I find the new *Handbook* most significant for what it doesn't contain. It remains very much the expression of a singular (albeit very experienced) point of view, written by another writer of equal experience, perhaps Robert Payne or John Preston, this would be a very different book indeed—and that is an indication of just how varied, open-ended and mysterious the realm of SM is, despite the widespread tendency (even by its practitioners) to limit SM to a single, monolithic "lifestyle."

About-face: Looking to the year ahead, Mason Powell's already-controversial *The Brig* looms large; *Beauty's Punishment*, a sequel to Roquelaure's *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, is expected. Canadian Geoff Mains' nonfiction opus, *Urban Aboriginals: Celebration of Leather Sexuality*, is scheduled for the fall from Gay Sunshine Press; there are plans for *Foreskin II*; and we haven't heard the last of Phil Andros or *Straight to Hell*. And of course, the most relevant book you may read in the year ahead is George Orwell's perennial classic, *1984*. I took it from the shelf a few nights ago, intending to scan it, and ended up rereading long passages, emerging from its spell with a shudder and a start. Orwell never intended it as literal prophecy, it was meant to be read between the lines.

—Aaron Travis

DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

SM VERITE

It's amazing that it's taken this long, a series of authentic SM videos as far removed from the contemporary face of SM in video as the earth is from the moon. That is to say, absolutely authentic. The first three productions from Slave and Master Video are both varied and extremely specific: whipping, fistfucking, gen torture. So if you're just an SM dilettante, you're going to be out of your league from the word go.

First things first. What passes as SM in contemporary video is, at best, the illusion of things sadistic and masochistic.

Down & Dirty, Everything But the Kitchen Sink
The Pain Down Below: SM Productions, directed by Dave Nesor; 1983, features Leather Rick and The Skulls, approx. 60 minutes each, \$85 each, \$3 postage/handling, Beta/VHS signed statement required. SM Video 1349 N Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.

Actors acting, untrained bottoms playing out semi-orchestrated skin-deep "sessions"; pseudo-tops wielding inexperienced whips over only-in-it-for-the-money buttocks. When a little pain does occur, you know the camera was stopped, ruffled feathers smoothed, everyone reassured it was only an act, an illusion, a sham.

Slave and Master Video approaches SM from exactly the opposite side of the street. The pain is important, the "stars" are not. No one is reassured, ever, of anything—except that perhaps they'll walk away from one of these documentary-style experiences alive...and maybe even walk away a better bottom or a more adept top.

Down and Dirty has a bottom and a top and a few onlookers and a purpose—path, extreme pain to the point of someone's sexual fulfillment. The nameless bottom has a tattoo of a cloud-face blowing a stream of air towards the genitals, a warning that this is a hot package needing constant cooling. The top, Leather Rick has a wealth of tattoos on both of his thigh-like arms—he is an extremely large, menacing man. He wears his leather like a fortification, as a sadist he is an outcast in the gay world; he garbs himself like an outlaw, a prototypical Hell's Angel with rancid, filled-to-overflowing balls. He is mean, dirty, overweight—light years away from the look and smell and shape of the kind of men who usually appear as the illusion of leathermen. He is a member, perhaps the leader, of The Skulls—a living, breathing, practicing bike gang that will, with the release of these video cassettes, start a new mythology.

Not much happens in *Down and Dirty* except everything that can happen when one man has another chained to the ceil-



—from *Down & Dirty*

ing, totally under his control, with no limits, no hesitation, no rules. The bottom is relentlessly beaten, with whips, paddles, belts, hands, spiked boards—anything Leather Rick can find—for an hour sometimes frightening, absolutely captivating, and unescapably authentic, pain on top of pain. We watch his body dance to the kiss of the whip, sway with the dead-stop of the paddle, cringe as a knife blade traces lace-like patterns on stomach, testicles and thighs. We hear the screams of sudden, sharp, insightful pain; the low moans of deep, drawn-out pain, the yelp of the spiny, biting pain. At some point he is unchained and thrown to the dirt floor. The tortures start anew, spurred by the licking clean of crusted motorcycle boots, accented by the well-placed jab of steel-reinforced boot tips. Kicks and blows take the place of paddles and whips. Paddles and whips are reintroduced. At the end, the bottom is reduced to a quivering mass of a human-like form

Everything But the Kitchen Sink brings back Leather Rick and pairs him with a corpulent unnamed bottom already well-entrenched in a leather sling. This video cassette is about fisting and the expansion of the asshole to unimaginable depths and widths. If you're a true aficionado of fisting, then the chances are you will be enthralled by this project—again the men are not the run-of-the-mill Greek god variety, but players in a serious game who were chosen for their ability to meet the challenge, not the illusion. The title says it all, everything goes up this unnamed man's rectum but the kitchen sink although you'll be convinced by the end that it, too, could have been accommodated.

The Pain Down Below covers a few specifics but concentrates, finally, on gen torture. Rocky the Kid patiently lets Leather Rick fit him with a gas mask, which is then taped to his head and ultimately rewrapped with silver duct tape

BEST VIDEOS OF 1983

By way of introduction, this list was prepared at the end of the calendar year, when the last expected video titles had been released or at least viewed. It is possible that a masterpiece might slip out on December 31 without any warning, but highly unlikely. The year of video release has been the rule; the exception is that a number of film-to-video transfers were made in 1983 from films that had played gay theatres during the previous year. But that works out fine, because films currently playing gay cinemas will not find their way to the video market until 1984, the year in which they will be considered.

SKIN DEEP Directed by Tom DeSimone, starring Michael Christopher, Johnny Daws featuring Chris Burns, Giorgio Canali and others; photographed by Nick Eliot; 82 minutes, released by Laguna Pacific. If there is ever a Best Gay Films of all time, or a Best Gay Videos of all time, *Skin Deep* will probably head those lists as it does this one, unquestionably the finest mesh of sex and plot to ever unfold before your eyes. Veteran Director Tom DeSimone (*The Idol*, *Wet Shorts*, *Hell Night*) reaches the peak of his form in this story of a porn writer who falls in love with a street hustler. After a career of mindless roles, Michael Christopher, as the hustler, proves there is something perhaps profound beneath those muscles and that languid expression. Johnny Daws, as the writer, turns in his best characterization, filled with both sensitivity and strength, a gay everyman. While this may well turn out to be the apex for everyone involved, it is also the closest gay porn has ever come to ensemble acting. Nick Eliot's photography is raw native without ever being obtuse; DeSimone's direction is right-on-target throughout. *Skin Deep* works on all levels.

DREAM BOYS Directed by Jean-Daniel Cadinot, features entire cast, photography by Cadinot, 90 minutes; released by Buckshot Productions. With an acknowledged reputation in Europe and virtually unknown in America, the films of Jean-Daniel Cadinot was the perfect package for Buckshot Production's first import. Three well-conceived well-executed short pieces make for an evening of auteur porn that is as much about art and style as sex. In each of the featurettes, Cadinot goes for the erotic without sacrificing the explicit. His tales are joyous and complicated at the same time thoughtful and well-realized, his actors both breathtaking and versatile. What could have been a novelty (watching beautiful French boys fuck) is a treasure of cinematic tradition and unwavering vision. Unforgettable.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS Directed by David Lust, features entire cast; photography by David Lust, 60 minutes; released by David Lust Photography. Give an amateur a camera and, if the spark of genius is already there, you get Rainer Werner Fassbinder. David Lust isn't going to make porn history with *Boys Will Be Boys* but he is going to have a direct effect on gay porn and help bring tomorrow's Buckshots and Colts and William Higgins out of the closet and behind the camera. This amazing little gem, shot in one set with one camera and very little editing, is as much like theatre as it is like video and as much like theatre as it is like porn. Three friends housewarm a new apartment by telling their latest tales of lust and sexual conquest—which leads to a three-way. Each aspect of stimulation, verbal as well as visual, is as interesting as the other and they add up to a cohesive whole. Method acting, not to mention method directing, has never had a more sterling example.

CHRISTOPHER RAGE'S ORGY Directed by Christopher Rage, stars Daniel Holt, Colon Topar, Scorpio, Leslie Williams; 60 minutes; released by Video Company of America. Where David Lust experiments in traditional forms, Christopher Rage, with *Orgy*, aligns himself with the likes of Hans-Jurgen Syberberg and Lothar Lambert; wildly expressionistic and avant-garde near to the point of hysteria, but somehow still on the vibrating edge of sanity. *Orgy* is exactly that—an orgy—but still more, an hour's excursion into private symbols and machinations that turn in on themselves, all wrapped up in the high tech of video manipulation. A direct video work, *Orgy* evades all options like beginning and ending, start and stop, trying instead for a cerebral plane, looking to land somewhere between the right hemisphere and the testicles. Strictly for the adventurous, but an extraordinary journey.

GAMES Directed by Steve Scott, starring Al Parker and Leo Ford (with a very large supporting cast), 90 minutes, released by Surge Studio. There has always been at least one truism of any Steve Scott film: the sex scenes are quite simply the best around. Scott knows when it comes to the moment of penetration (any kind of penetration) the viewer must be brought to the edge of his seat (or bed or knees, depending on how you watch television). In *Games* he surpasses his own plateaus and adds two new elements: a cohesive story and documentary footage of the first Gay Olympic Games. From Leo Ford he extracts that ubiquitous actor's most restrained performance—played for the most part unconscious in a hospital bed. From legend Al Parker we get... Al Parker. *Games* is beautifully put together, environments are varied but cohesive, art decoration is detail-oriented without being oppressively overdone, lavish but understated. A



Onlookers abound in this cassette, including a demi-monde leather-woman, but the action, for the most part, is centered on Leather Rick's careful and elaborate rope bondage. Finally, Rocky is hoisted up off his stool and secured, legs spread, to a number of hooks in the floor and ceiling. Leather Rick can cause tension from any number of areas by pulling on one or a combination of ropes.

A spiked ball-collar is fastened to Rocky's testicles; weights are added—the pain intensely fresh when the ropes are manipulated. A little belting, some stomach punches, the daring quick play of the knife (from *Down and Dirty*) over the stomach and balls; Leather Rick's finesse is matched only by Rocky's endurance.

Rocky is in an even more vulnerable position than the unnamed slave of *Down and Dirty*; in the previous cassette, while the body writhed in agony it could at least react to the violence being inflicted upon it. Rocky, strung up in such a way that any movement brings pain, can only endure.

What Slave and Master Video has wrought—although technically



—from *Down & Dirty*,

imperfect—it's remarkable. The sheer audacity of showing real sadomasochism in a format that is based on the ability to create unreality is laudable. Public acceptance depends on what the public really wants—the glamourous illusion or the unvarnished truth.

But one final thought: these are currently the highest-priced video cassettes on the market. While it is a given that the small video producer—the independent—has the highest per unit costs (not being in the business makes getting into the business a very expensive proposition), the lack of technical expertise and the lack of ability to create a standard-for-the-market quality product warrants some internal pricing re-evaluation. While I highly recommend these video cassettes for their daring, for their content, and for their overall vision, the buyer should be aware at every step that he is not buying a traditional market release and should not expect any of the Slave and Master Video productions (so far) to resemble *Star Wars* (or even *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*).

—John W. Rowberry

BEST VIDEOS OF 1983

Lesser filmmaker would have spent tedious shots showing off the wide variety of interiors and locations in this story that moves from city to city with ease. The sexual situations are both inherently interesting and well integrated; some daring material is handled very well. Unfortunately, the plot falls apart at the end, but still *Games* is a ten

SULKAS WEDDING Directed by Kim Christy, starring Sulka, Paul Baresi, Ron Jeremy, Craig Roberts and featuring a large supporting cast of pre-operative transsexuals, photography by Mike Stryker. 85 minutes, released by Caballero Control Corporation. The motherlode of sexuality, *Sulka's Wedding* is the most unforgettable porn experience on the market. Combining every form of sexuality known to man, the story—which takes place during a single day in the life of Sulka and her friends—spares nothing. Well-established heterosexual-identified porn stars raise this production from the realm of the kinky to the mainstream. Sulka herself is a marvel of modern medicine. The sexual combinations are arranged in a relentless, extraordinarily complex narrative that shows and tells all. If you've never seen a heterosexual porn video—you won't be seeing one with *Sulka's Wedding* either, but you will be seeing what is probably the single most important porn film in history.

FALCONHEAD Directed by Michael Zen, features entire cast; 75 minutes, released by Caballero Control Corporation. From the first great wave of experimental porn film-making (*I A Play Itself*, *Born to Raise Hell*, *Sixtoon*) only Michael Zen's mystical excursion into the dark side of sex survives the test of time. A solid production that raises—and leaves unanswered—one question after another, centered around a falcon-headed figure and a magic mirror. *Falconhead* was—and may still be—slightly ahead of its time, mixing sex, fury and violence as one and the same metaphor. Highly stylized, ritualistic, nearly oriental in approach—the story simply sets you down in the middle of something without telling you what it is or what it means, it makes your dick hard and frightens you. What more could you ask for?

SAILOR IN THE WILD Directed by William Higgins, stars Bill Henson, Leo Ford, Rick Donovan and features large supporting cast; 85 minutes; released by Catalina Video. William Higgins has struck pay dirt after a score of similar works with this loose narrative about seductions and how they turn out. An MP on leave travels up and down the California coast (which has never looked better) rolling with the tide of sexual encounters. Along the way Higgins had designed situations that fill out the program with both daring, politically correct gags will told so well that they're homophobic, incorrectly, and style (the sex scenes for the most part are nothing so much as awesomes). Four times alleged straight characters are brought out through aggression, through complete passivity, via cunning, and finally through the use of position and power. Other couplings occur through complete lack of coercion or, at best, with calculated circumstance. What we see is, if not the director's, the sexual seduction fantasies of a large number of gay men. The sex is nearly non-stop and Higgins's camera catches the acts and the surroundings with an incredible eye for clarity and enticement. From a prolific porn maker—his best shot.

DOWN & DIRTY Directed by Dave Nestor, starring Leather Rick and The Skulls, photography by Dave Nestor; 60 minutes, released by Slave & Master Video. In the beginning real sadomasochism could only be imitated or it dispensed treated as high art, a la Kenneth Anger and Fred Halstead. Now and much later than you might have expected, it is treated as sexual stimulation, as porn, and completely on its own terms. There is no art in *Down & Dirty* and there has never been a video cassette kept real SM involving real sadists and masochists filled with real pain. It's both revolutionary and cleansing (in a spiritual sense). *Down & Dirty* is, in all its unvarnished truth, the most imitated sexual lifestyle in history. The victim is attractive, his captors are not. There is never even a hint of illusion, all here is real, painfully real; one camera, one set, no punches pulled, *video verite*.

A MATTER OF SIZE Starring Bill Henson, Brian Michaels, Lance Chisholm and a large supporting cast; approx. 75 minutes; released by Huge Video. The anthology video may seem like a creature of the past, with all the emphasis nowadays on narrative line and cohesive connections between sex scenes, but *A Matter of Size* proves that you can have satisfying results without even the pretense of a plot. Starring some of the hottest, best hung young porn stars of the day, *A Matter of Size* flows from one tableau to another with ease of movement and effortless visual gestures. Boy meets boy, group gets together, guy gets horny and beats off, take your pick—this video treats each with the same weight. Camera work is fluid and concise, hitting the right mark at just the right time. Elements range from the purely visual to the rare (when it works) combination of live action, perfectly meshed into non-stop sexual excitement. Bill Henson is worth watching...doing just about anything. Lance Chisholm is the stuff of wet dreams.

—John W. Rowberry

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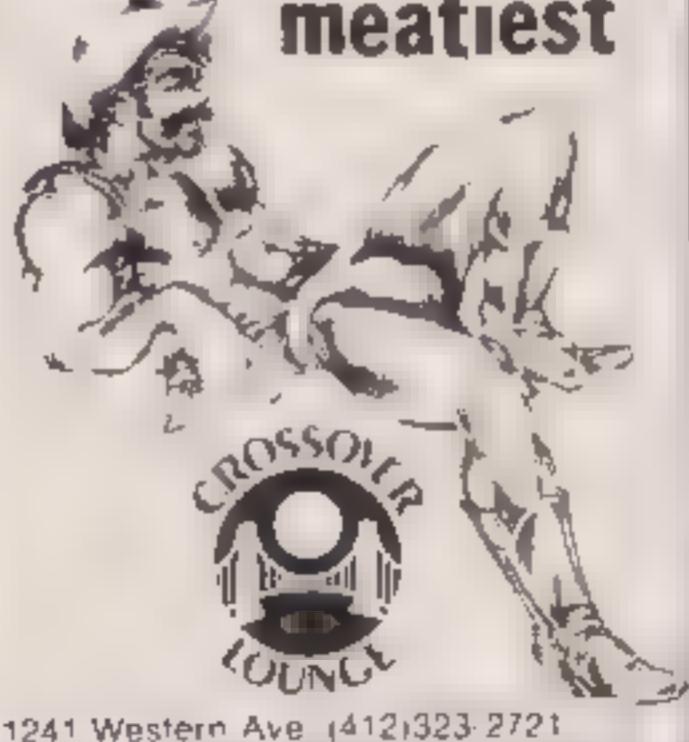


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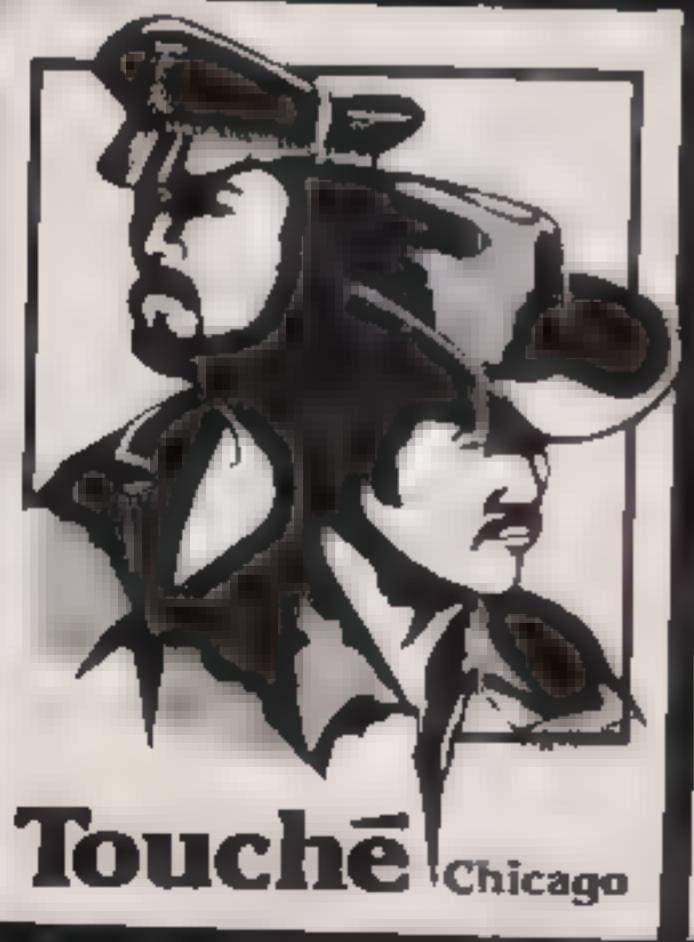
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DRUMMEDIA

MOVIES

PG (PURE GAY) FILMS

It ain't pretty being easy—called by any other name they're all gay roses, fresh bloomed in U.S. theatres in 1983, and ripe for picking. It was the year major studios backed off from their monoclonous experiments, with nasty thorns in the boxoffice rears. Since Hollywood, like prime-time television, tends to cast back the shadow of society's prejudices, one hopes they leave the subject in its present shape (slightly less stereotyped minor casting each time) and forebear attempts at Gordon Merrick until glamor and full frontal nudity are ready to meet on the public screen. In the meantime, pods are bursting all over the world and the seeds are blowing in from everywhere.

The definition of "gay" films may be arbitrary but, in this case, to see one is undeniably to know oneself. They're all "about" something else—or something else, as well—and many of their creators recoil from what they see as a limiting label...sort of like sugar-free, caffeine-free cola. It doesn't taste the same or do the same thing, no matter what the manufacturer says, and there's this Law, in fact that commands us to at least recognize the additives. Call it by another name, its rightful name, and you know what you're getting whatever the disguising flavors.

They're accessible as never before, at the local cinematheque or film festival even at first-run theatres (this list was gleaned from seven different movie houses and four festivals), and worth keeping an eye out for even if they have nowhere to go but your neighborhood porn emporium. Half were made in English, though *Querelle* was dubbed into German for its initial release and may still be going around in that peculiar fashion and the rest are clearly subtitled for those who can't comprehend classic or idiomatic German, French or Hassidic Hebrew. If you get impatient and go for the inevitable dubbed version, don't complain here—you bought the dildos instead of cruising with patience and aplomb.

So, as the alphabet arranges it:

A Love Like Any Other (Wieland und Wolf, *Eine Liebe wie andere auch*) fills a hole in the fabric of homophile cinema—it's a gay-family film. Stripped down, the Hans Stemple/Martin Ripkens story resembles *Taxi zum Klo* without hard sex (which says something interesting about *Taxi* we won't go into just now). A kind, if literal, look at the expanding and contracting relationship of live-in lovers who haven't quite found a solid replacement for gender role-play. It has a one-shot feel to it, with depressing undertones suggesting that an "ordinary" couple abiding by



conventional rules—"till death or divorce do us part"—can stunt each other's growth. The up side is that, being gay they have escape routes they could even come through together.

Abuse is the brainchild of Arthur J. Bressan, Jr., documentarist and porno-cinematographer, who melded the positive elements of both styles to graphically define the most harrowing all-American crime—child abuse—buried so deep under ologies and taboos that its exposure almost overshadows the film's more vulnerable theme of man-boy love. Using classic film techniques in a deliberately straightforward narrative, *Abuse* rattles skeletons in everybody's closets.

Berlin Alexanderplatz is the granite-and-marshmallow base of a mountain easily capable of supporting the richness of the Alfred Döblin novel at its core, the eclectic, immense output of Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and the heavy, heady illuminations of a crucial period in the history of the Western world. The performance of Gunther Lamprecht as Franz Biberkopf anchors a buoyant universal

from Robert Altman's *Streamers* character firmly to the ground, that elemental level at which men, for good or ill, relate to one another as powerfully as their culture—and natures—will allow.

For *City of Lost Souls*, Rosa van Praan-heim (veteran of *Army of Lovers* and *It Is Not the Homosexual Who Is Perverse But the Society In Which He Lives*) pitches camp and uses the audience for target practice. He's still overtly sniping at the system—flamboyant American expatriots to gung a tight, light-weight community that must take evasive action against the West Berlin bureaucracy—but it is double-camouflaged in *Rocky Horror*-type song and dance with Frankfurters of all sexes, colors and sizes internalizing their own *Rocky's*. *City* is best seen unstoned...the first time.

Drifting (Nagual) is a cultural ground-breaker by Israel's Amos Gutman. So much for the laws of probability: we weren't expecting anything that wasn't gross farce or sans high moral/philosophical tone to get past the god-fearing/military censorship much less a film about a gay filmmaker—even if he fails, in the film, to make it. The

atmosphere of drifting (nagua actually means "afflicted") is formed out of the temporary collapse of focus that follows a failure of single minded purpose, it is stronger than the gay ambience itself leaving the viewer with a clear picture of a state of mind in transition and fuzzy but fascinating questions about sexual preference in the Promised Land.

In *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, director Nagisa Oshima (*Empire of Passion, In the Realm of the Senses*) digs back to a WWII prison camp in Burma—a setup for a natural breakdown in communication between the Japanese and British captors and captives—to delineate the relationships of men under the fiercest pressure (stated in bondage) in terms of potent homoerotic metaphors. In these middle-of-the-war games, innocent of their own power and motivation, Ryutchi Sakamoto and David Bowie are two stunning pawns crushing the expendable queens between them.

If Alexanderplatz is at the mountain's root, *Querelle* is the sharpest jumping-off place for Fassbinder, a departure into a brave new otherworld where Gay is status quo and homosexual passion is the coin of commerce. When all is said and spent, the bare bones—death's head and semina origins—of the fantasy remains obscured and intact, as it should be, to be replayed in the imagination's libido as needed.

Robert Altman's *Streamers* examines four young men under glass who destroy one another without touching. Where the Oshima film sets deep, tough adults in

life-and-death confrontation, the David Rabe play actualizes the adolescent in isolation (a 1965 Army barracks), anticipating with disbelief and total unpreparation the Vietnamization of America's young manhood. The common separations of race, class, education and attitudes are buffered by male-to-male sexual drives and felt needs, by the queerness that dared not, then and there, speak its name, but did its deeds.

High in the pantheon of art films stands *The Terence Davies Trilogy*, *Children, Madonna and Child*, and *Death and Transfiguration*: the helpless exposure of a man, naked, to the stormy elements of a hard life of which his sexuality is both the redeeming and the annihilating life force. While each part is a multiple vision of its own, the whole is a devastating synthesis of body and soul that neither a bleak Catholic, Liverpool childhood, nor despair, thwarted dreams and homophobia can put asunder. Violence, memory, mercy and striking sexual stances are framed in ineradicable images one can not only live with but desire to possess entirely. It's a beauty of a film about the three-headed beast of life.

Patrice Chereau's *Wounded Man* (*l'homme Blessé*) is all the "Jean Genet" *Querelle* was expected, but never meant, to be. The two films have everything in common but the essential: one is a fabulously detailed dream landscape that you can enter at any point and make of what you will, the other is an existential reality, exacting and self-contained, that draws on an acting-out of a specific type of fan-

tasy. The boy, Henri, falls under the spell of a decadent, corrupt master, Jean, enters his world and is transformed. Chereau's film allows for no conventional beauty, opting instead for a gritty sensuality and a hot-blooded rejection of the norm.

Ten in front, ten more close behind—the reels are lined up outside the projection booth—and a dozen more in production, some are primarily entertainment, others are destined to be aesthetic classics—most are still in the medium-budget range. The majority of the directors are out and proud (all directors are prone to pride anyway, being gay just adds a flair to it), and the majority of the actors are ascetic monks as far as the public is concerned, including the occasional happy heterosexual. Gay roles are being scripted in by those who know how, and gay filmmakers are less prone to excluding positive homophile images in their patently non-gay films. The one not realizable rollover is that the worst (keep your balls crossed on this) homophobe iconography is, if not coming under internal control in the industry, being balanced by an influx of sensitized independents. The result is that we can stop straining our eyes for that one great, gay-everything movie that "says it all," and stop throwing the slightly-flawed baby out with the straight-assed bathwater—think of it as stocking a specialty store instead of wallowing in the meaningless variety of a supermarket. "Pure Gay" is a collective thing: out of my selections, you can do yours.

—Peter Krimmer



From Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*

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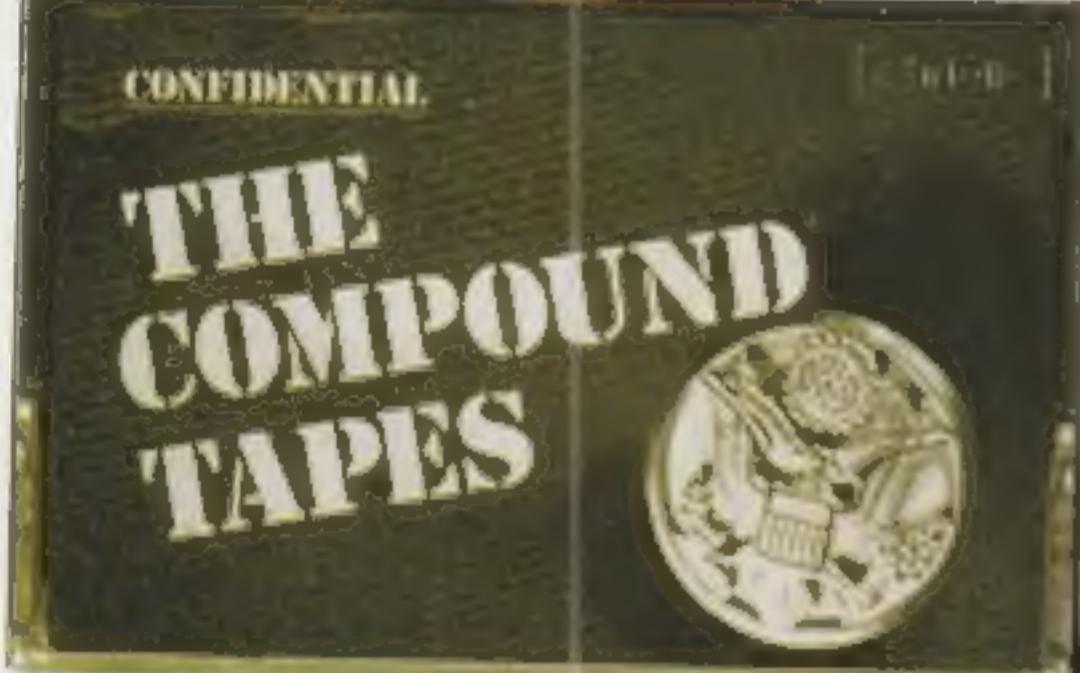
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